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# WERNER'S

# READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 11

## WORLD CLASSICS

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
SARA SIGOURNEY RICE.

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EDGAR S. WERNER
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"Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

And the woman said unto the serpent: "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden. But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die."

And the serpent said unto the woman: "Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.

And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him: "Where art thou? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?"

And the man said: "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

And the Lord God said unto the woman: "What is this that thou hast done?"

And the woman said: "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

And the Lord God said unto the serpent: "Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field." Unto the woman He said: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow." And unto Adam He said: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat of it,' cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of

it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Therefore, the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken. So He drove out the man, and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

---

## SCRIPTURE ETCHINGS FOR ARBOR DAY.

LET the field be joyful, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

A parable put He forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field, which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

And the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars made he to be as the sycamore trees which are in the vale for abundance.

They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.

Then shall all the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord, because He cometh to judge the earth. For He shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth in singing, and all the trees of the woods shall clap their hands.

And all the trees of the field shall know that I, the Lord, have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

And the man that stood among the myrtle trees answered and said: "These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth."

When thou shalt besiege a city a long time by making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them, for thou mayest eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down to employ them in a siege, for the tree of the field is man's life.

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for nourishing, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness; the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel. As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side and as cedar trees beside the waters.

The customs of the people are vain, for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman with the axe.

Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of God in their foreheads.

Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits, camphor with spikenard; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon.

In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of nations.

He that hath an ear let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

---

# THE TRIUMPH OF HECTOR.

HOMER.

Translated by WILLIAM MUMFORD.

SO equal, then, the war and battle hung,
Till Jove at length superior glory gave
To Hector, Priam's son, who entered first
Achaia's wall. With loud, tremendous shout,
He called his Trojan heroes: "Sons of Troy,
Equestrian warriors, to the onset come.
Break now the Grecian wall, and on their ships
Throw flaming brands, like thunderbolts of Jove!"
He said, inspiring fury. They his call
With transport heard throughout that numerous host!
Thronging together, to the wall they ran,
Armed with keen spears, before them held erect;
And mounted scaling-ladders. Hector seized
And bore a stone which stood before the gates,
Heavy and craggy, pointed sharp at top,
Which not two men, though stoutest of the race
Earth now sustains, could, without toil, have moved
By levers from the ground and heaved its mass
Into a wagon; yet did singly, he,

Toss it with ease, so light Saturnian Jove
Made it to him! For, as a shepherd brings
In one hand joyfully a ram's rich fleece,
And feels but small the weight, so Hector bore
That rock enormous toward the lofty gates,
Strong-framed, with double valves, of panels thick,
Compact and firm; two iron bars within,
Transverse, secured them, fastened by a bolt.
He near them took his stand, with legs astride,
That not in vain that weapon should be thrown;
Then smote them in the midst with all his strength,
And broke both hinges. Thundering on, the stone,
With force overwhelming, fell within the wall.
Loud rang the yielding gates, asunder riven,
Nor could the bars retain them; flew the planks
In splintered fragments, scattered every way.
Into the pass illustrious Hector leaped;
Gloomy as night, with aspect stern and dread.
Arrayed in brazen panoply, he shone
Terrific; in his hands two javelins keen.
And surely no one could have checked him then,
Except the gods, when through those gates he sprang!
His eyes, tremendous, flashed with living fire;
And, turning to his host, he called them all
To pass the barrier. They that call obeyed.
Some clambered o'er the wall, while others through
The portals poured; and terror-struck, the Greeks
Fled to their hollow ships. Confusion dire,
And uproar wild and horrible ensued.

# COMBAT BETWEEN PARIS AND MENELAUS.

HOMER.

[From the Trojan towers, the battlefield is viewed by Priam and Helen.]

NOW when the troops together with their captains
Were marshaled straight on either side in place,
The Trojans marched with screams and cries like birds,
But the Achaians—they, forsooth, in silence
Marched, breathing battle-rage, at heart full fain
To stand each one by other in the fray.

A cloud of dust raised up beneath the feet
Of them, as on they marched; and 'thwart the plain
Right swift they made their way. And when the hosts
Thus marching each against other now were near,
A champion on the Trojan side in front,
Came godlike Alexander; on his shoulder
A leopard-skin he wore, and crooked bow
And arrows, and a sword; and brandishing
Two brass-tipped spears, he challenged, face to face,
Any the best of the Argives, in grim battle
To fight against him. Soon as Menelaus
Noted him so striding big, right glad he was;
Straightway to the ground from off his chariot,
He leapt with all his armour on. Soon, howe'er,
As godlike Alexander noted him
Forth shining 'mongst the foremost, his dear heart
Was terror-stricken, and back again he shrank
Into his comrades' troop—so escaping death.

But Hector eyed him, and with words of shame
Rated him thus: "Wouldst thou, unlucky Paris,
Wouldst thou 'dst been unborn, or died unwedded!

Chuckling aloud are the Argives at thinking
How 'tis a champion prince! for that thou hast
A comely form about thee; but at heart
Is no strength nor any kind of courage!
Such, then, as this wast thou and didst gather
Right trusty mates, and in seafaring ships
Didst sail the deep, and mingle with foreigners,
And carry off from yonder far-away land
The shapely woman, Helen, the wedded fair
Allied by marriage to the warrior-chiefs.
Durst thou not stand and bide yon warrior,
Ares-loved Menelaus? To thy cost
Soon shouldst thou know, what manner of man is
He whose blooming wife thou'rt holding in possession.
Avail thee not, should all thy skill in harping;
Thy gifts of Aphrodite—when in dust were mingled.
Cowards, arrant cowards, are we Trojans."

Then answered him godlike Alexander:
"Hector! now sure thou chidest me with fitness,
And not o'erstepping fitness; for in thy breast
Undaunted is thy heart. Bring not against me
The lovely gifts of golden Aphrodite.
But if one thou wish to battle and fight,
Make all the rest sit down; then together
Put me and Menelaus, lord of Arro,
To fight for Helen and all her havings,
And whichsoever shall subdue the master,
Let him take all she has, and the woman,
And carry with him home; so ye may all
Make friendly peace, and dwell in Troy's fat land."

Right glad was Hector now; and before the lines
Midway he went, grasping a spear by its middle.
And the Argive host was made to sit. Anon
At him the long-haired Argives bent their bows,

But Agamemnon, he, the king of men,
Cries out aloud: "Hold! for some weighty words,
Does Hector of the glancing helm stand forth."
He spake, whereat all silent they became;
And Hector thus outspoke betwixt both lines:
"Hear the speech of Alexander, Paris—
He asks all to lay aside their harness,
And that himself and your chief, Menelaus,
Should fight in single combat in the midst,
They alone, for Helen and all her havings."

Spake Menelaus bold in shout of battle:
"Now hear ye me! Now for parting issue
For this my quarrel am I minded.
Then fetch ye lambs, one white, a male, and one
A female, black; for Zeus we fetch a male.
Bring his mightiness, King Priam, that he
With solemn sacrifice may make the treaty."

And both Trojans and Achaians were glad
At the hope of an end of dreary war.
Hector despatched two heralds with all speed
To fetch the lambs, and call at once King Priam.
Iris came to white-robed Helen and said:
"Hither, dear bride, come hither and see the doings
Wondrous of the Trojans and the Argives.
But now with lengthy spears to fight for thee
Are Alexander and the friend of Ares,
Prince Menelaus; and whiche'er shall beat,
His beloved consort shalt thou then be called."

Covering herself with a fine white linen veil,
As she let fall a tender tear, she hastened
From forth her chamber; then came to Priam.
Also were sitting at the Scaian gates
The Elders of the people, both sage men.
Priam, meanwhile, aloud called Helen to him:

"Hither, dear child! by me now come and sit,
Whence mayest thou see thy former lord and friends."
Anon, the heralds through the town to Priam came,
Before the old King stopped, and aroused him.
The old man shuddered, and bade his comrades yoke his horses;
Arrived, he cut the gullets of the lambs and laid them down.
Then drew they wine from forth the mixing bowl
Into the cups, and forthwith prayed the gods.

Then Hector, son of Priam, and Prince Odysseus
Measured out first the ground, and then took lots
And shook them in a dog-skin, brass-fitted,
To learn which first should fling his brazen javelin.
The mighty Hector of the glancing helm,
Looking behind him cast the lots; and quickly
Forth leapt the lot of Paris. Then in the lines
They sat, each man beside his prancing horse.
Prince Alexander, fair-tressed Helen's lord,
Put on his goodly harness thwart his comely greaves,
Fitted with silver clasps above his ankles;
Next then about his chest he donned the corselet;
He slung his brazen silver-studded sword;
And then his buckler, strong at once and ample;
And on his mighty head he set his helm,
Fair wrought, bedecked with horse tail, and the crest
Down from the top thereof all grimly nodded;
Then his brave spear, that fitted well his grasp,
He took in hand. So, likewise, did the warrior,
Prince Menelaus, also don his harness.
Now when from forth each host they thus were armed,
Looking all grim, they strode in battle array,
In the midst 'twixt Trojans and fair-greaved Achaians,
Each bearing grudge at other, stood they twain,
And poised their spears, and moved them to and fro.
Now Alexander first launched his long spear,
And smote upon Atrides' gallant buckler,

At all points good, where through the brass brake not,
But back upon the stubborn shield was bent
The point thereof. Anon, with brazen weapon,
The other chief Atrides, Menelaus,
Bestirred himself, and prayed to Father Zeus.
He spake, and poised the lengthy spear,
Launched it, and smote the shield, good at all points,
Of Priamides.

Whereat, indeed,
The weighty spear pierced through the brilliant shield,
And through his corselet, richly dight, was planted.
Cut did the spear right through his coat of mail;
He bent aside and so 'scaped gloomy death.
Anon, the son of Atreus plucked him forth
His silver-studded sword, raised it aloft,
And smote the foeman's helmet-peak, whereon,
In pieces three and four from out his hand,
Shattered it fell, and wailed out to Father Zeus.
Then darted on and seized him by the helmet
Bushy with horse-hair, turned about, and now
Was dragging him toward the fair-greaved Argives
And sorely did the rich-embroidered thong,
The helmet's throat-lash, which beneath his chin
Was at full stretch, now press his tender throat.
Sure then both dragged him off had he, and gained
A countless glory. But back again rushed he,
Full bent on destroying him with brazen spear.
But Aphrodite readily, with ease—
As can a goddess,—rescued him, and hid
In a thick, darksome haze, and set him down
Within his fragrant chamber, sweet-perfumed.

Forth went she then to summon Helen.
She likened herself to an aged ancient dame.
Then of her nectarous garments took she hold,
And addressed her, saying: "Lord Paris calls thee."

The fair lady spoke this word aloud:
"Madam! why thus art longing to catch me?
Wouldst lead me further still, to some fair towns,
Lovely Mæonia's pleasant towns, or Phrygia's?
Thenceforth blame would all the Trojan women,
And endless pangs at heart I endure already."
Unto her, then, the goddess Aphrodite
In wrath spake thus: "Anger me not! O cruel!
Lest all in wrath I abandon thee and hate thee,
And haply a sorry death so shouldst thou perish."
She spake, and Jove-sprung Helen was afraid,
And went in silence to Alexander's abode.
Turning her eyes aside, with this word
She chid her lord: "Thou hast come from out the combat!
Would hadst thou perished upon the spot,
Slain by that doughty warrior, my first lord!"
Spake Paris thus in answer: "Chide me not,
O woman, with reproaches hard to bear.
For beaten, indeed, has Menelaus now,
By Athene's help; but I'll beat him hereafter!"

Meanwhile, Atrides, all about the throng,
Went to and fro, like a savage beast,
If haply he might anywhere descry
The godlike Alexander; but not one
Could point out Paris. Then to Menelaus—
Hateful was he become as gloomy death,—
Spake Agamemnon: "Hear me, O Trojans,
And Dardans, and ye allies! The mastery, indeed,
Is clearly shown on side of Menelaus,
The friend of Ares. You, then, give ye up
The Argive Helen, and all her havings with her,
And pay the compensation as 'tis fitting;
Which to our folk shall sure belong, e'en ever."
So spake Atrides; and thereat with shout
Approved the Achaians all, the host throughout.

# BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

[Sometimes ascribed to Homer, but evidently of later origin, the work of Pigres, and designed to travesty the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."—*Encyc.*]

ONCE upon a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escaped the stretching claws of death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Flies, swift of foot, across the neighboring plain,
Hangs o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dips his whiskers in the standing pool.
When near a courteous frog advanced his head,
And from the waters, hoarse resounding, said:
"What art thou, stranger? What line you boast?
What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth, let all your words agree,
And let me find a faithful mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffered friendship take,
And, ent'ring, view the pleasurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beyond my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Thee, too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
A sceptred king; a son of martial fame.
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes."
Thus ceased the frog, and thus the mouse replies:
"My name resounds aloft throughout the skies,
In arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mixed with all the bravest, unknown to flight.
Yet we have foes, grim owls with talons; cats with claws!"

As thus the downy prince his mind expressed,
His answer thus the croaking king addressed:
"We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.

But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas; I'll bear thee through.
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state,"
He said, and leaned his back. With nimble bound,
Light leaps the mouse and clasps his arms around;
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
He sighs, and chilled with danger, longs for shore.
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar;
Drenched in liquid death his prayers he made
That to reach the land might the frog lend aid.

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo, from the deep a water hydra rose,
And rolls his sanguined eyes, his bosom heaves;
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confused, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives to shun the sable fates below.
Forgetful frog! The friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskilled in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls and grinds his teeth with grief.
The prince his rage expressed: "Thou fling'st me from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack;
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing.
On land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers, rise!"
This said, he, sighing, gasped, and sighing died.
His death the young Lichophinax espied,
As on the flowery brink he passed the day,
Basked in the beam, and loitered life away.

Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate.
Grief, dismal grief, ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafened ground;
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun.

When rosy-fingered morn had tinged the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds.
Slow rose the monarch, heaved his anxious breast,
And thus the council, filled with rage, addressed:
"Our eldest perished by a ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat;
The last, his country's hope, his parents' pride,
Plunged in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all to war, my friends! Avenge the deed,
And bleed the monarch, and his nation bleed."
His words in every breast inspired alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
Dreadful in power the marching mice appear.
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening form a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclosed to public view
The valiant chief Embasichtyros drew;
The sacred herald's sceptre graced his hand,
And thus his words expressed his king's command:
"Ye frogs! The mice, with vengeance fired, advance,
And decked in armor shake the shining lance;
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die!"
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplexed, appear;

Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame
Who, rising, spake to clear his tainted fame:
"O friends! I never forced the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried;
And venturous in the lake the wanton died.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at our guiltless head.
Then where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below.
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drowned;
Loud plash the waters; echoing shores resound."
He spake no more. His prudent scheme imparts
Redoubled ardor to the boldest hearts;
And dressed for war, they take the appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promised fight.

But now where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
The sire, superior, leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below.
This seen, the power his sacred visage wears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?
Then, thus to Pallas: "If my daughter's mind
Have joined, why stays she still behind?"
The maid replies: "In vain, my father, all their dangers plead;
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil;
(Ills following ills) but what affects me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.

Nor let the frogs to gain my succor sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favor too.
Let all like me from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe."
So moved the blue-eyed queen; her words persuade,
Great Jove assented, and the rest obeyed.

Now front to front, the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line.
The chiefs, conspicuous, seen and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouthed hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Even Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

* * * * * *

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years;
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse;
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honors of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
Threats all its nations with approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began,
The sire of gods and frogs and mouse and man:

"How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furred hero, Meridarpax, shakes!
Unless some favoring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs' loquacious empire end.
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war."
He ceased, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said:
"Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field
With all the terrors of her hissing shield;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armor bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the flight;
Nor these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies."

'Twas thus the omnipotent advised the gods.
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods;
When swift he hurls the brandished bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line;
Till Jove, that inly mourned the loss they bore,
With strange assistance filled the frighted shore.
Poured from the neighb'ring strand, deformed to view,
They march, a sudden, unexpected crew.
Strong suits of armor round their bodies close,
Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,
And either end supplies the head.
The mortal wits to call them crabs agree;
The gods have other names for things than we.
Mice short of feet, have lost the power to fly,
Or without hands upon the fields they lie.

Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
In mad confusion through their host appear;
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep concealed in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the western seas,
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays,
And a whole war (before ordained) begun,
And fought, and ceased, in one revolving sun.

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# THE BIRDS.

ARISTOPHANES.

YE children of man, whose life is a span,
Attend to the words of the sovereign birds,
Who survey from on high, with a critical eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn,
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation
And organical life and chaotical strife;
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky, we propose, by and by,
(If you listen and hear) to make it all clear.

Before the creation of æther and light,
Chaos and night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus, foully bedight;
Nor ocean, nor air, a substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm.

At length in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old was a certain deposit
By Night, the primeval, in secrecy laid—
A mysterious egg, that in silence and shade,
Was brooded and hatched, till time came about
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air triumphantly furnished
To range his dominions on glittering pinions.
He soon in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane might, in his fiery caresses,
Impregnated Chaos, and hastily snatched
To being and life, begotten and hatched,
The primitive birds.

But the deities all,
The celestial lights, the terrestrial ball
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth.
Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone.
And all, the world over, were friends of the lover.
All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learnt from the birds and continue to learn
From best benefactors and early instructors.
We give you the warning of seasons returning
When the Cranes are arranged and muster afloat;
In the middle air, with a croaking note,
Steering away to the Libyan sands,
Where careful farmers sow their lands.
The shepherd is warned, by the Kite reappearing,
To muster his flocks, and be ready for shearing.
You quit your old cloak at the Swallows' behest,
In assurance of summer and purchase a vest.
For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine,
For every oracular temple and shrine,

The birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend and to us you repair
For counsel and aid, when a marriage is made,
A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade.
Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
A race in the street or a slave that you meet,
A name or a word by chance overheard,
If you deem it an omen, you call it a bird.
And if birds are your omens, it clearly will follow,
That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Then take us as gods, and you will soon find the odds,
We'll serve for all uses of prophets and muses;
We'll give you fine weather; we'll live here together
And keep scornful and proud atop of the cloud
(In Jupiter's way), but attend every day
To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs for yourself and your heirs,
And as long as you live we gladly shall give
You wealth, and health, and pleasure,
And treasure in ample measure;
In laughter and mirth on the face of the earth,
With portable gold, you shall live to grow old,
And your only distress shall be the excess
Of ease and abundance of happiness.

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# THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO VIRGIL.

THE leaders of the Greeks, worn with war and baffled by fate, built, with the aid of the divine skill of Pallas, a horse as huge as a mountain, and formed the sides of interlacing flanks of fir. In it they secretly enclose the picked warriors they have chosen, and fill full the vast caverns with armed soldiers.

In sight lies Tenedos, an island well known to fame, rich and powerful; hither they proceed and conceal themselves on the desolate shore. We supposed they had all gone away; therefore all the land of Troy freed itself from its long sorrow. The gates were opened. With joy we issue forth and view the Doric camp, and the deserted stations, and the forsaken coast. Some view with amazement the unusual offering to the maiden Minerva, and wonder at the stupendous bulk of the horse. Thymœtes is the first to urge that it be dragged within the walls and placed in the citadel. But Capys and others, whose minds had wiser sentiments, advise either to throw the thing into the sea, to put fire under it and burn it, or to pierce it and explore the inner recesses of the body.

The fickle multitude is split into opposite factions. Then it is that foremost, before all the rest, followed by a great crowd, Laocoon eagerly runs down from the heights of the citadel, and cries from afar:

"My hapless citizens, how has such wild frenzy seized you? Do you believe that the enemy have sailed away? Or do you think that any Grecian gifts are free from fraud? Is such your knowledge of Ulysses? Either the Achæans are concealed in this frame; or it is an engine wrought against our walls, intended to spy into our houses and come down upon our city from above; or there is some hidden deceit. Trust not the horse, ye Trojans! Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts."

Lo, some Dardan shepherds meanwhile came, dragging to the king with loud shouts, a youth whose hands were bound behind his back; who, though they knew him not, had put himself in their way as they approached him, in order to work out his craft, and open Troy to the Greeks, or submit to certain death. At length he made this speech:

"I certainly will declare to you, O King, the whole truth, whatever be the consequence. I will not deny I am by birth a Greek, and if fortune, the wicked goddess, has fashioned Sinon to misery, she shall not fashion him to falsehood and deceit. After the death of my father through the malice of Ulysses, I dragged on my days

in obscurity and sadness, and vowed that if ever I returned a conqueror to Argos, I would be his avenger. From this time began my downfall. The Greeks often wished to leave Troy, but the inclement fury of the sea kept them on land, and the wild winds alarmed them in the act of starting. In our bewilderment, we sent to inquire of the oracle, Phœbus, and this terrible response was brought back: 'By blood, you must seek the power to return, and the sacrifice demands an Argive life.' At last, forced by the loud outcries of Ithacus, he broke silence and doomed me to the altar. The dreadful day had come. I snatched myself from death and broke my bonds, and now I have no hope of seeing again my fatherland, nor the children I love, and the parent I long to see, at whose hands, perhaps, they will even require satisfaction for my escape. Wherefore, by the gods above, pity a soul that suffers what it does not deserve."

We granted him his life and pitied his tears. "Whoever you are, from this time forward forget the Greeks; you shall be ours. Since this is so, explain to what end have they set up this horse of enormous bulk?"

By means of the deceptions of the perjured Sinon, with one voice, the people cry: "The image must be drawn to its temple and the goddess entreated." And threatening it glides into the heart of the city.

Meanwhile, the sphere of heaven moves round, and night rushes up from the ocean, wrapping in her universal shade both earth and sky, and the craft of the myrmidons. The Trojans are stretched in silent rest throughout the town; sleep clasps their weary limbs. And now, the Argive host was advancing in naval array from Tenedos, making for the well-known shores amid the friendly silence of the moon, when the royal ship suddenly shot forth the signal-flame, and Sinon, protected by the partial gloom unbolts the bars of pine, and sets free the Greeks imprisoned in the body of the horse. They assault the city buried in sleep and wine; the guards are slain, and, throwing open the gates, they admit all their comrades.

The town is filled with tumultuous woe; and, although the mansion of my father, Anchises, is retired from view by its secluded

situation and its shadowing trees, still louder and louder grow the sounds, and the terror of battle comes close upon us. Startled from sleep, I mount to the highest point of the sloping roof, and take my stand, with keenly listening ears. Then, indeed, the truth is evident, and the stratagem of the Greeks revealed. Already the mansion of Deiphobus has fallen into ruins, as the god of fire prevails; the house of my neighbor, Ucalegon, is burning; far and wide the Sigean channel gleams with the blaze. There arises the cry of men and the clang of trumpets. Distractedly I take my arms, and yearn to muster a troop for battle, and to hasten to the citadel; frenzy and rage give me reckless resolution, and I think it were glorious to fall fighting.

But lo, Pantheus, escaped from the weapons of the Greeks, with his own hands drags along the sacred vessels, his vanquished gods, and his little grandson, and comes running to my door. "How stands the fortune of the State, Pantheus? What stronghold are we to seize?"

Scarce had I spoken the words, when, with a groan, he answers: "Troy has reached her final day and her inevitable hour. The Trojans are no more. Ilium is no more. Relentless Jove has transferred all power to Argos; the Greeks lord it in the city they have fired. The horse, erect in the heart of the town, pours forth from its height armed men, and Sinon, now a conqueror, insolently flings the flames abroad. Some are crowding in at the double gates, all the thousands that ever came from proud Mycenæ; others with their weapons have barred the narrower streets; the sharp sword with glittering blade is drawn and fixed, prepared to kill. The guards at the gates hardly attempt a contest!"

By such words and by the will of heaven, I am carried into the flames and the fight, whither the fell fury of battle calls me. Comrades join me. When I saw that they formed a band, and were bold for battle, to incite them further: "Warriors," I began, "hearts most valiant, you see what is the state of our fortunes; the gods by whom this realm stood fast, have all departed, and left the sanctuaries and shrines. Haste ye, to

succor a city that is set on fire! Let us rush into the thickest of the fight and, if need be, die!"

Thereupon, like ravening wolves, we make our way through weapons, through foes, and press on to the centre of the city. Who in words could describe the carnage of that night? An ancient city is falling! Helpless forms in vast numbers are stretched on all sides, throughout the streets, the houses, and the hallowed thresholds of the gods. Nor from the Trojans only is exacted the penalty of blood. Sometimes to the hearts of the vanquished also valor returns, and the victorious Greeks fall. Everywhere is cruel woe; everywhere is panic and death in many a shape.

When the night is spent, I find with astonishment that a vast number have flocked to join me, both matrons and husbands; a band of men assembled for exile, a piteous throng. They have resolved to settle in whatever lands I please to lead them to, over the sea. And now the morning-star was beginning to rise over the topmost ridges of Ida, bringing in the day; and, taking up my father we journeyed toward the mountains.

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## IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE COMPASSIONATE, THE MERCIFUL.

[From the Korân.]

WHEN the day that must come shall have come suddenly,
None shall treat its sudden coming as a lie;
Day that shall abase! Day that shall exalt!
When the earth shall be shaken with a shock,
And the mountains shall be crumbled with a crumbling,
And become scattered dust,
And into three bands shall ye be divided;
Then the people of the right hand — how happy
The people of the right hand!

And the people of the left hand — how wretched
The people of the left hand!
And they who were foremost on earth —
The foremost still.
These are they who shall be brought nigh to God,
In gardens of delight,
On inwrought couches, reclining face to face.
Immortal youths go round about to them,
With goblets and ewers and a cup from a fountain;
Their brows ache not from it, nor fails the sense;
And with such fruits as they shall make choice of,
And with flesh of such birds as they shall long for;
And theirs shall be the Houris with large, dark eyes,
Like close-kept pearls,
A recompense for their labors past.

And the people of the right hand — how happy
The people of the right hand!
Amid thornless love-trees,
And bananas clad with flowers,
And extended shade, and flowing waters,
And abundant fruits, unfailing and unforbidden.

But the people of the left hand—how wretched
Shall be the people of the left hand!
Amid pestilential winds and in scalding water,
And the shadow of a black smoke,
Not cooling and not pleasant.
Then verily ye, O ye the erring, the imputers of falsehood,
Shall surely eat of the tree Zakkoum!

# DHOULKARNAIN.

[From the Korân.]

[Dhoulkarnain is probably Alexander the Great.]

THEY will ask thee of Dhoulkarnain [the two-horned]. Say: I will recite to you an account of him.

Verily he established his power upon the earth, and we gave him a means to accomplish every end, as he followed his way,

Until when he reached the setting of the sun, he found it to set in a miry fount; and hard by he found a people.

We said: "O Dhoulkarnain! whether thou chastise or whether thou treat them generously"—

"As for him who is impious," said he, "we will chastise him; then shall he be taken back to his lord, and he will chastise him with a grievous chastisement."

Then followed he a route, until when he reached the rising of the sun, he found it to rise on a people to whom we had given no shelter from it.

Thus it was. And he had full knowledge of the forces that were in the sun.

Then followed he a route, until he came between two mountains, beneath which he found a people who scarce understood a language.

They said: "O Dhoulkarnain! verily, Gog and Magog waste this land; shall we then pay the tribute, so thou build a rampart between us and thou?"

He said: "Better than your tribute is the might wherewith my Lord hath strengthened me; but help me strenuously, and I will set a barrier between you and them. Bring me blocks of iron."

Until when it filled the space between the mountain-sides—"Blow," said he, "upon it." Until when he had set it on fire, he said: "Bring me molten brass, that I may pour upon it."

And Gog and Magog were not able to scale it, neither were they able to dig through it.

"This," said he, "is a mercy from my Lord. But when the threat of my Lord cometh to pass, He will turn it to dust, and the threat of my Lord is a truth."

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# THE LEGEND OF AINO.

[From the "Kalevala."]

Translated by JOHN A. PORTER.

ON the plains of Kalevala,
On the prairies of Wainola,
Chanting ever wondrous legends,
Full of old-time wit and wisdom,
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Passed his days in sweet contentment.
All the day long sang the minstrel,
Often into dusky evening;
Now the tales of ancient heroes,
Legends of the time forgotten,
Now the story of creation.
Far and wide the tidings travelled,
Far away men heard the story
Of the chant of Wainamoinen,
Of this song of mighty hero;
Far to southward flew the echo,
Heart of Northland heard and listened.

There in dim and dusky Northland
Lived the singer Youkahainen,
Lapland's young and fiery minstrel.
One day feasting with his fellows
Came unto his ears the whisper,
On the meadows of Wainola,
On the meads of Kalevala,

They could boast a sweeter singer,
Better skilled to chant a legend,
Better far than Youkahainen,
Or the ancient one that taught him.
Thereupon the bard grew wrathful,
Envy swelled the minstrel's bosom,
Envy of this Wainamoinen
Famed to be so rare a singer.
Stormful, hastes he to his mother,
Vows that he will hie him northward,
Hasten northward and betake him
To the cabins of Wainola,
There as bard to offer battle,
There to strive with Wainamoinen.
"Nay," replied the fearful mother,
"Go not hence to Kalevala."
"Nay," the father answers, "go not
There to strive with Wainamoinen.
He will drive you forth in anger,
Turn to ice your supple ankles,
Blast with cold your cunning fingers,
Sink you in the smothering snow-drift."

Then made answer Youkahainen:
"Good, indeed, a father's judgment,
Better still advice maternal,
Best of all one's own decision;
Go I will, and, once before him,
Call him out to wordy battle;
So will sing my ancient legends,
Chant my gathered store of wisdom,
That this boasted best of singers
Soon shall seem a sorry minstrel."

Thereupon he goes forth raging,
From his stall leads forth a stallion,

Hot breath steaming from his nostrils,
From his hoofs bright flashes gleaming;
Bridles swift the fiery charger,
To the golden runners links him;
Leaps into the sledge impetuous,
Springs upon the hindmost settle,
Fiercely strikes the fiery stallion
With his pearl-enamelled birch-rod.
And the sledge now gayly springing,
Sallies swiftly on his journey.
On he plunges, restless, northward,
All day long from noon till evening,
All day long, the next day, northward,
So the third from dawn till twilight,
Till the third day evening brings him
To Wainola's peaceful meadows,
To the plains of Kalevala.

So it chanced that Wainamoinen
Rode that evening on the highway,
Peacefully for pasture gliding
Down the meadows of Wainola,
O'er the plains of Kalevala.
Forward comes the fiery stripling
Urging still his hot blood stallion,
Dashing down upon the minstrel,
Till they meet in fierce collision.

Then the minstrel boldly cries out:
"Say, who art thou? Stupid fellow!
Coming, dashing down the highway,
Crazily thy stallion urging,
Striking me in fierce encounter.
Let me know, thou stupid fellow,
Who thou art and whence thou comest."
Then the stripling boldly answered:

"I, be sure, am Youkahainen;
But 'twere better thou shouldst tell me
Who thou art and whence thou comest,
Of what shabby race descended."
Then once more the ancient minstrel:
"If thy name be Youkahainen,
Make me way, thou silly stripling,
Thou art but a boy before me."
But the youthful Youkahainen
Thus unto the greybeard answered:
"Little matter one or fourscore;
Who in knowledge stands the highest,
He shall hold the middle roadway
And the other yield him passage.
Art thou ancient Wainamoinen,
He, the far-famed bard magician,
Let us sing each one his legends,
Let each tell his store of wisdom
So that each may judge the other,
And in rival song do battle."

Wrathful then grew Wainamoinen,
Broke his silence, self-commanded,
And began his song entrancing.
Bravely sang the ancient minstrel,
Till the flinty rocks and ledges
Heard the trumpet-tone and trembled;
And the copper-bearing mountains
Shook along their deep foundations;
Flinty rocks flew straight asunder;
Falling cliffs afar were scattered;
All the solid earth resounded,
And the ocean billows answered.
And, alas! for Youkahainen,
Lo! his sledge so fairly fashioned
Floats a waif upon the ocean;

Lo! his steed of shining forehead
Stands a statue in the torrent.
Still the minstrel sings unceasing,
And, alas! for Youkahainen,
Sings his sword from out his scabbard,
Hangs it in the sky before him,
As it were a gleam of lightning;
Sings his bow, so gayly blazoned,
Into drift-wood on the ocean;
Sings his finely feathered arrows
Into swift and screaming eagles;
And himself, the sorry fellow,
To his hip in mud and water.

Now, alas! poor Youkahainen,
Sorry stripling, comprehended
All too plainly what the end was
Of the joys of wordy battle
With the ancient Wainamoinen.
First to lift his right foot seeking,
Sorry wight, the foot obeys not!
Striving next to stir the left one,
Finds with flint the sole is shodden!
Then, alas! poor Youkahainen,
Falling into fear and torment,
Sinking deep in tribulation,
Thus addressed the ancient minstrel:
"O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
First and only true magician,
Do but turn away the magic,
Loose me from this frightful prison,
Free me from its pinching torment,
I will give you princely guerdon,
You shall win a noble ransom."
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"What shall be the princely guerdon,

What shall be the noble ransom?"
"In my cabin hang two cross-bows:
Mighty one to drive an arrow,
One so lithe a child can span it;
Choose between them, mighty minstrel,
Take, O bard, whichever pleases."
Answered ancient Wainamoinen:
"Nay, I grudge thee not thy cross-bows,
Have, indeed, a few already.
In my cabin, ashen cross-bows
Cover every wall and chimney,
Hang on every peg and staple,
Bows that spurn the help of hunters,
Bows that go themselves a-hunting."
Then said youthful Youkahainen:
"Gold and silver I will give thee,
Both in heaping measure pour thee,
Gold my father won in battle,
Silver in the fight with heroes."
"Nay, I grudge thee not thy silver,
Gold of thine, O fool, desire not.
Have, methinks, enough already;
Crammed my cot in every chamber,
Gold that like the sunlight glitters,
Silver like the gleam of moonlight."

Now, alas! poor Youkahainen,
Bard bedrabbled in the quagmire,
Mouth so tuneful stopped with litter,
Teeth entangled in the bushes—
Up from out this pit of horror
Spake again the luckless stripling:
"O thou wise and ancient minstrel,
Loose me from this slough of horror,
And my joyous life restore me;
For my eyes with sand are tortured,

Tides unseen begin to drag me.
Only turn away thy magic,
Make an end of thy enchantment,
I will pledge thee beauteous Aino,
Aino, daughter of my mother,
Aino, my beloved sister,
Bride of thine to be forever."

Glad of heart is Wainamoinen
That he thus has fought and won him
For his age a lovely maiden.
So he seeks a place befitting,
Where to publish forth his pleasure.
Sings a moment, sings and ceases;
Sings a second, then a third time,
So to turn away the magic,
So the potent spell to banish.

Now at last comes Youkahainen
Crawling from his oozy prison,
Lifts his knees from out the water,
Beard from out the bog and litter.
Then he sets his sledge in order,
Resting not a moment, mounts it,
And betakes him swiftly homeward,
Woe-begone beyond expression
At the thought to meet his mother.
Now, alas! must Youkahainen
Freely pour his tears of anger;
Cap awry upon his forehead,
Chin upon his bosom sunken,
Mouth drawn low in deep dejection,
Sorry sight he stands before her.

Then his mother, speaking gently,
Sought to win from him his secret.

"Tell me, son," she said, "thy sorrow,
Why thy aspect so dejected,
Why thou weepest? Speak, and tell me."
Answered youthful Youkahainen:
"Mother dear, in what has happened
Cause, alas! for little weeping.
Not alone to-day unhappy,—
All my life must pass in sorrow.
For, O mother, I have promised
Aino bride to Wainamoinen,
Prop beneath and roof above him."
Then the mother rose up gayly,
Clapped her hands in joy together,
"Weep not," said she, "son beloved,
Cause is none therein for weeping.
Ever I this hope have cherished
That one day the mighty minstrel,
He, the valiant Wainamoinen,
Spouse should be for lovely Aino,
Son-in-law for me, her mother."

But the beauteous maiden, Aino,
Tearful lingered at the threshold,
Wept that day and all the night through,
Wept because a mighty sorrow,
Bitter sorrow filled her bosom.
Gently then her mother asked her:
"Why art weeping, lovely Aino?
Why art pining, dearest daughter?"
And the maiden then made answer:
"Therefore must I weep and sorrow,
For that thou thy child hast promised,
Sold away thy little daughter
To a graybeard old and limping,
Joy to be unto his dotage,
Comfort to his years declining,
Out of doors a staff to stay him,

In the house a shield around him.
Better had it been to send me
Low to live beneath the sea-foam,
Than to be an old man's darling;
Better far the whiting's sister,
Than an old man's slave and darling."

All that day the maiden wandered,
All the morrow sad and weary,
So the next day; till at evening,
As the cruel night descended,
Lo, she gained the curving sea-shore,
Lo, before her, then, the ocean.
All the evening wept the maiden,
All the night long wandered weary,
Up and down the pebbly margin;
In the morning looking round her
Fixed her maiden gaze intently
On the headland jutting seaward.
In the sea a little distance
Stood a stone of many colors,
Gleaming in the sunlight golden;
Toward it leaped the little maiden,
Thither swam the luckless Aino,
Up the shining stone had clambered,
There a moment fain to linger,
When upon a sudden swaying
Seaward, then a moment sinking
Down upon the shiny bottom,
Far beneath the wave of ocean
Fell the stone of many colors.
With it fell the luckless maiden
Clinging to its rocky bosom,
With it sank the maiden Aino
Down beneath the bed of ocean.
So the little maiden vanished,
So the luckless Aino perished.

# WOOING OF THE MAID OF BEAUTY.

[From the "Kalevala."]

Translated by JOHN M. CRAWFORD.

SCENE 1.

WAINAMOINEN. Come, fair maiden, to my snow-sledge,
By my side I wish thee seated.

MAID OF BEAUTY. Tell me what thou wishest of me,
Should I join thee in the snow-sledge.

WAIN. Thou shalt bake me honey-biscuit,
Shalt prepare me barley-water,
Thou shalt sing beside my table,
Shalt rejoice within my portals,
Walk a queen within my dwelling,
In the courts of Kalevala.

MAID. Yesterday at hour of twilight
Went I to the flowery meadows,
Where the sun returns to slumber;
There I heard a song-bird singing,
Heard the thrush in simple measures,
Singing clearly thoughts of maidens;
How to live in greatest pleasure,
And in happiness the sweetest,
As a maiden with her mother,
Or as wife beside her husband.
Thus the song-bird gave me answer:
"Bright and warm are days of summer,
Warmer still is maiden freedom;
But the lives of married women
Are like dogs enchained in kennel."

WAIN. Foolish is the thrush thus singing,
Nonsense is the song-bird's twitter;

Wives are queens and highly honored.
Come, sweet maiden, to my snow-sledge;
Come with me and I will make thee
Wife and queen in Kalevala.

MAID. Never enter I thy snow-sledge,
Till thou split a hair exactly;
Till thou peelest me the sandstone;
Till thou cuttest me a whip-stick
From the ice and make no splinters,
Losing not the smallest fragment.
I will go with that one only
That will make me ship or shallop,
From the splinters of my spindle,
From the fragments of my distaff.

WAIN. There is no one in the Northland,
No one under vault of heaven,
Who like me can build a vessel,
From the fragments of the distaff,
From the splinters of the spindle.

Wainamoinen straightway journeys
To the spot of magic labor,
Built and launched his magic vessel
For the hostess of Pohyola,
Dowry of the Maid of Beauty
Sitting on the arch of heaven,
On the bow of many colors.
Now he decks his magic vessel,
Paints the boat in blue and scarlet,
Decks the prow in molten silver.
Wainamoinen, the magician,
Steps aboard his wondrous vessel,
Steers the bark across the waters.

SCENE 2.

Fair and goodly maid Annikki
Stood one morning on the sea-shore
Washing in the foam her dresses,
Rinsing out her silks and ribbons.
Looking through the fog and ether,
Looking through the clouds of heaven,
She sees far out on th' horizon,
Something darkle in the sunlight,
Something blue upon the billows,
Speaks these words in wonder guessing:

ANNIKKI. What is this upon the surges?
What this blue upon the waters?
What this darkling in the sunlight?
'Tis perhaps a flock of wild geese,
Or perchance a blue duck flying.
Art thou, then, a cliff of granite?
Or perchance a mighty oak-tree,
Floating on the rough sea-billows?
Art thou, then, my father's vessel,
Or my brother's ship of magic?
It is not my father's vessel;
'Tis the ship of Wainamoinen,
Bark of the eternal singer.
Whither sailest, Wainamoinen,
Whither bound, thou friend of waters,
Pride and joy of Kalevala?

WAIN. I have come to catch some sea-trout,
Hiding in these reeds and rushes;
Catch the young and toothsome whiting.

ANNI. Do not speak to me in falsehood,
Know I well the time of fishing;
Long ago my honored father
Was a fisherman in Northland.

Very well do I remember
How the fisherman disposes,
How he rigs his fishing-vessel.
Hast not come a-fishing hither.
Whither goest, Wainamoinen?

WAIN. I have come to catch some wild geese,
In these far-extending borders.

ANNI. Know I well a truthful speaker,
Easily detect a falsehood;
Formerly my aged father
Hither came to hunt the wild geese.
Very well do I remember,
How the hunter rigs his vessel,
Bows and arrows, knives and quivers,
Dogs enchained within the vessel,
Pointers hunting on the sea-shore,
Setters seeking in the marshes.
Tell the truth now, Wainamoinen,
Whither is the vessel sailing?

WAIN. To the wars my ship is sailing,
To the bloody fields of battle,
Where the streams run scarlet-colored,
Where the paths are paved with bodies.

ANNI. Know I well the paths of battle;
Formerly my aged father
Often sounded war's alarum,
Often led the hosts to conquest;
In each ship a hundred rowers,
And in arms a thousand heroes,
Swords, and spears, and battle-axes;
Know I well the ship of battle.
Speak no longer fruitless falsehoods.
Whither sailest, Wainamoinen?

WAIN. Come, O maiden, to my vessel,
In my magic ship be-seated,
Then I'll give thee truthful answer.

ANNI. With the winds I'll fill thy vessel,
To the bark I'll send the storm-winds,
And capsize thy ship of magic,
If the truth thou dost not tell me,
If thou dost not cease thy falsehoods,
If thou dost not tell me truly
Whither sails thy magic vessel.

WAIN. Now I make thee truthful answer,
Though at first I spake deception;
I am sailing to the Northland,
Where the ogres live and flourish,
Where they drown the worthy heroes,
There to woo the Maid of Beauty,
Sitting on the bow of heaven,
Woo and win the fairy virgin,
Bring her to my home and kindred.

SCENE 3.

Then Annikki
As she heard the rightful answer
Knew the truth was fully spoken.
Straightway left unwashed her linen,
Left unrinsed her silks and ribbons,
On the highway by the sea-shore.
On her arm she threw her long robes,
Hastened to the forger's furnace,
To the blacksmith's home and smithy.
There she found the hero-artist
Forging out a bench of iron,
And adorning it with silver.
Soot lay thick upon his forehead,

Soot and coal upon his shoulders.
On the threshold speaks Annikki.

ANNI. Ilmarinen, dearest brother,
Forge me now a loom of silver,
Golden rings to grace my fingers,
Forge me gold and silver ear-rings,
Six or seven golden girdles,
Golden crosslets for my bosom,
For my head forge golden trinkets,
And I'll tell a tale surprising,
Tell a story that concerns thee,
Truthfully I'll tell the story.

ILMARINEN. If thou'lt tell the tale sincerely,
I will forge thee loom of silver,
Golden rings and silver ear-rings,
Golden girdles and the crosslets.
And forge for thy head the trinkets.
But if thou shouldst tell me falsely,
I shall break the beauteous jewels,
Hurl them to the fire and furnace,
Never forge thee other trinkets.

ANNI. Dearest brother, Ilmarinen,
Dost thou ever think to marry
Her, already thine affianced?
Shouldst thou wish the Maid of Beauty,
Thou must forge and forge unceasing,
Hammering the days and nights through;
Forge the summer hoofs for horses,
Forge them iron hoofs for winter,
In the long night, forge the snow-sledge,
Gaily trim it in the day-time:
Haste thou, then, upon thy journey,
To thy wooing in the Northland.
Thither journeys one more clever,

Sails another now before thee,
Thence to woo the Maid of Beauty.
Three long years thou hast been wooing,
Wainamoinen now is sailing
On the blue back of the waters,
Sitting at his helm of copper;
On the prow are golden carvings,—
Beautiful his boat of magic,
Sailing fleetly o'er the billows,
To the never pleasant Northland,
To the dismal Sariola.

ILMA. Good Annikki, worthy sister,
Go and heat for me the bathroom,
Fill with heat the honey-chambers,
Lay the fagots on the fireplace,
Lay the smaller wood around them,
Pour some water through the ashes,
Make a soap of magic virtue,
Thus to cleanse my blackened visage,
Thus remove the soot and ashes.

Then Annikki, kindly sister,
Quickly warmed her brother's bathroom;
Gathered pebbles from the fire-stream,
Threw them in the heating waters;
Made a soap of magic virtue
Thus to cleanse the iron artist,
Thus to beautify the suitor,
Thus to make the hero worthy.
Ilmarinen, ancient blacksmith,
Forged the wishes of his sister,
Ornaments for fair Annikki,
Rings and bracelets, pins and ear-drops;
To the maid he gave the trinkets
And the sister thus made answer:

ANNI. I have set thy room in order,
Everything as thou desirest;
Go, lave thy head to flaxen whiteness,
Make thy cheeks look fresh and ruddy,
That thy wooing prove successful.

Ilmarinen, magic artist,
Bathed his head to flaxen whiteness,
Laved his eyes until they sparkled
Like the moonlight in the waters;
Wondrous were his form and features,
And his cheeks like ruddy berries.

ILMA. Fair Annikki, lovely sister,
Bring me now my silken raiment,
Bring my best and richest vesture,
Bring me now my softest linen.

Straightway did the helpful sister
Bring the finest of his raiment,
Brought him shoes of marten-leather,
Brought a coat with scarlet trimming,
Brought a red shawl trimmed in ermine,
Brought for him his magic girdle,
Brought him gloves with golden wristlets.
Ilmarinen, blacksmith artist,
Clad himself to look his finest,
Then he thus addressed his servant:

[*To servant.*]

ILMA. Hitch for me a fleet foot-racer,
Hitch him for me to my snow-sledge,
For I start upon a journey.

SERVANT. Thou hast seven fleet foot-racers,
Which of these shall I make ready?

ILMA. Put the grey steed in the harness,
Hitch him to my sledge of magic;
Place six cuckoos on the break-board,
Seven blue-birds on the cross-bars,
To make the maidens look and listen,
As the cuckoos call and echo.
Bring me then my largest bear-skin,
Bring me, too, my marten fur robes,
As a cover and protection.

[*Servant leaves. Ilmarinen entreats Ukko.*]
Send thy snow-flakes, Ukko, father,
Let them gently fall from heaven,
Let them cover all the heather,
Let them hide the berry-bushes,
That my sledge may glide in freedom
O'er the hills to Sariola.
Good luck to my reins and traces,
Good luck to my shafts and runners.
God protect me on my journey!

Ilmarinen, artist blacksmith,
Draws the reins upon the racers,
Fast and faster flies the fleet foot
O'er the alder hills and mountains.
On the third day Ilmarinen
Overtakes old Wainamoinen,
Hails him in his magic vessel,
And addresses thus the minstrel:

ILMA. O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Let us woo in peace the maiden,
Let each labor long to win her,
Let her wed the one she chooses,
Him selecting, let her follow.

WAIN. I agree to thy proposal,
Not by force, nor faithless measures,

Shall we woo the Maid of Beauty.
Let the unsuccessful suitor
Harbor neither wrath nor envy,
For the hero that she follows.

SCENE 4.

Thus agreeing, on they journey,
Each according to his pleasure;
Fleetly does the steed fly onward,
Makes the hills of Northland tremble,
As he gallops on his journey.
Quickly flies the magic vessel,
Swiftly sails the ship of beauty.
Time had gone but little distance,
Ere the dogs began their barking,
Watch-dogs of the court of Louhi.

MASTER OF POHYOLA. Go and learn, my worthy daughter,
Why the watch-dogs have been barking,
Why the black dog signals danger.

MAID OF BEAUTY. Dearest father
I must tend my flock of lambkins,
I must turn the nether millstone,
Grind to flour the grains of barley,
Run the grindings through the sifter;
Only have I time for grinding.

MASTER. Go and learn, my trustied consort,
Why the Northland dogs are barking,
Why the black dog signals danger.

HOSTESS OF POHYOLA. I must feed my hungry household,
Must prepare a worthy dinner,
I must bake the toothsome biscuit,
Knead the dough till it is ready,
Only have I strength for kneading.

MASTER. Dames are always in a hurry,
Maidens, too, are ever busy,
Whether warming at the oven,
Or asleep upon their couches;
Go, my son, and learn the danger,
Why the black dog growls displeasure.

SON. I'm in haste to grind my hatchet,
I must chop my log to cord-wood,
For the fire must cut the faggots,
I must split the wood in fragments,
Large the pile and small the firewood,

Only have I strength for chopping.
Still the watch-dog growls in anger,
Growls the black dog on the hill-top,
Setting all things in an uproar.
Then the Master of Pohyola
Went himself to learn the reason
For the barking of the watch-dogs.
Strode he through the spacious courtyard,
To the summit of the uplands.
Looking toward the distant broad sea,
At full sail he saw a vessel,
Entering the bay of Lempo;
Saw a sledge of magic colors,
Gliding up the curving sea-shore,
O'er the snow-field of Pohyola.
Then the master hastened forward
And he spake to all as follows:

MASTER. Often strangers journey hither,
Sailing in a scarlet vessel,
Often strangers come in sledges
To the honey-lands of Louhi.

HOSTESS. Dearest daughter, winsome maiden,
Dost thou wish a noble suitor?

Should these heroes come to woo thee,
Wouldst thou leave thy home and country,
Be the bride of him that pleases,
Be his faithful life-companion?
He that comes upon the waters,
Sailing in a magic vessel,
Is the good old Wainamoinen;
In his ship are countless treasures,
Richest presents from Wainola.
He that rides here in his snow-sledge
With the cuckoos and the blue-birds,
Is the blacksmith, Ilmarinen;
Cometh hither empty-handed,
Only brings some wisdom sayings.
When they come within the dwelling,
Bring a bowl of honeyed viands,
Bring a pitcher with two handles,
Give to him that thou wouldst follow;
Give it to old Wainamoinen,
Him that brings the countless treasures,
Costly presents in his vessel,
Priceless gems from Kalevala.

MAID. Good, indeed, advice maternal,
But I will not wed for riches;
For his worth I'll choose a husband,
For his youth and fine appearance,
For his noble form and features.
In the olden times the maidens
Were not sold by anxious mothers
To the suitors whom they loved not.
I shall choose, without his treasures,
Ilmarinen, for his wisdom,
For his worth and good behavior.

HOSTESS. Senseless daughter, child of folly,
Thus to choose the coal-stained blacksmith,

Keep his humble house in order.
Little use his wit and wisdom,
When compared with gold and silver.

MAID. I will never, never, never
Wed the ancient Wainamoinen,
With his gold and precious jewels;
Never will I be a helpmate
To a hero in his dotage.

Wainamoinen safely landing
In advance of Ilmarinen,
Pulls his gaily-covered vessel
From the waves upon the sea-beach,
Straightway hastens to the guest-room
Of the Hostess of Pohyola,
Speaks unto the Maid of Beauty.

WAIN. Come, with me, O lovely maiden,
Be my bride and life-companion,
Share with me my joys and sorrows,
Be my honored wife, I pray thee.

MAID. Hast thou built for me the vessel,
Built for me the ship of magic?

WAIN. I have built the promised vessel,
It will weather roughest billows,
It will ride the waves in safety
On the angry seas of Northland.

MAID. I care not to ride the billows,
Cannot live with such a husband;
Storms would bring us pain and trouble,
Cannot keep thy home in order,
Cannot be thy life-companion,
Cannot wed you, Wainamoinen.

SCENE 5.

Ilmarinen hastens forward
To the Hostess of Pohyola.
Into Louhi's home and presence,
Servants come with silver pitchers,
Honey drink is brought and offered
To the blacksmith of Wainola;
Ilmarinen thus replying:

ILMA. I shall not in all my lifetime
Taste the drink that thou hast brought me,
Till I see the Maid of Beauty,
Fairy Maiden of the Rainbow,
For whose hand I journey hither.

HOSTESS. Thine affianced is not ready,
Only canst thou woo my daughter,
When thou'st ploughed the field of Hisi.

ILMA. Thou of Light and Dawn the daughter,
Tell me, dost thou not remember
Thou didst utter oath the strongest,
In the ears of the Almighty,
If I forged for thee the magic jewel,
Thou wouldst follow me hereafter,
Be my bride, my life-companion,
Be my honored wife forever?
Now thy mother is exacting,
Will not give to me her daughter,
Till I've plowed the field of serpents.

MAID. Forge thyself a golden ploughshare,
Then canst thou, O Ilmarinen,
Plough the hissing soil of Hisi.

Ilmarinen, welcome suitor,
Straightway builds a forge and smithy,

Forges then a golden ploughshare;
Goes to plough the field of serpents.
In the field were countless vipers;
Thus he stills the snakes of Lempo:
"Vipers, ye by God created,
Ukko is your greatest master,
Crawl ye to the nearest thicket;
If your poison heads be lifted,
Then will mighty Ukko smite them
With the lightning of his anger."
Thus the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Safely plowed the field of serpents,
Buries them and quick returning
Thus addressed Pohyola's Hostess:

ILMA. I have banished all the serpents,
Give me, ancient dame, thy daughter,
Fairest maiden of the Northland.

HOSTESS. I shall not grant to thee, my daughter,
Till Tuoni's bear is muzzled,
Hundreds have been sent to hunt him
All have perished in Manola.

[*To* MAID OF BEAUTY.]

ILMA. Still another test demanded!
I must go to Tuonela.
Bridle there the bear of Mana,
Bring him from the Death-land forest,
From Tuoni's grove and empire.

MAID. Forge of steel a magic bridle,
Make the straps of steel and copper,
Bridle, then, the bear of Mana,
Lead him from Tuoni's forests.

Then the blacksmith
Forged of steel a magic bridle,

In a rock beneath the water,
In the foam of triple currents;
Straightway went the bear to muzzle,
In the forest of the Death-land.
When this task had been completed,
Ilmarinen, quick returning,
Thus addressed the ancient Louhi:

ILMA. Give me now my bride affianced;
I have brought the bear of Mana,
From Tuoni's fields and forests.

HOSTESS. I will only give my daughter,
When the monster pike thou catchest,
In Manola's fatal waters,
Using neither fish nor tackle;
Hundreds have been sent to catch him,
No one yet has been successful.

[*To* MAID OF BEAUTY.]

ILMA. Now a third task is demanded,
Much more difficult than ever;
I must catch the pike of Mana,
And without my fishing-tackle.

MAID. Thou shouldst never be discouraged;
In thy furnace forge an eagle,
He will catch the fish in safety.

[*Addresses Eagle.*]

ILMA. Mighty eagle, bird of beauty,
Fly thou whither I direct thee,
To the blue deeps of the Death-stream,
Catch for me the pike, sea monster.

Then the eagle quickly circles,
Swoops to catch the pike of Mana,
Tears the monster fish in pieces,
Gives the head to Ilmarinen.

ILMA. O thou bird of evil nature,
Thou hast eaten what I needed,
Thus to mar the spoils of conquest.
But the pike's head I will take thus
To the mother of the Maiden.

* * * * *

I have done as thou demandest,
I have brought to thee this trophy.
Wilt thou give me now thy daughter?
Tell me, is the Maiden ready?

HOSTESS. I will give to thee my daughter,
Fit companion of thy fireside,
Help and joy of all thy lifetime.

Now we sing of feasts and dances,
Sing of Ilmarinen's marriage.
Great, indeed, the preparation
For the people's entertainment.
When the loaves were baked and ready,
When the dishes all were seasoned,
Louhi, Hostess of Pohyola,
Called to her a trusted maiden,
Sent her to invite the people
To the marriage of her daughter.

HOSTESS. Oh, my trusted, truthful maiden,
Call together all my people,
Ask the rich, and ask the needy,
Ask the blind, the deaf, the crippled;
Ask the young, and ask the old ones;
Go thou to the hills and hedges,
To the highways and the byways;
Ask the whole of Sariola,
Ask the people of Rarela,
Ask the ancient Wainamoinen.

Thereupon, the trusted maiden
Spread the wedding-invitations
To the people of Pohyola,
To the tribes of Kalevala.

HOSTESS. Who are these in bright apparel?
Are they friends or hostile armies?
I had thought the winds were raging,
Or, perchance, the ocean roaring;
But found my son-in-law was coming
With his bride, the Maid of Beauty.
Should you ask me how I knew him,
'Mid the host of men and heroes.
I should answer, I should tell you,
As the oak tree in the forest,
As the moon among the planets.
Drives the groom a coal-black courser.
Come, ye small lads of the village,
Lead the suitor to my homestead.

[ILMARINEN *enters.*]
Thanks are due to thee, O Ukko!
That my son-in-law has entered;
Let me now my halls examine;
Finest linen on my tables,
Softest furs upon my benches,
All my rooms in perfect order.

ILMA. Send, O Ukko, health and pleasure,
To this ancient home and dwelling.

HOSTESS. Let thy coming be auspicious
To this dwelling, lowly fashioned,
'Mid the lindens and the aspens;
Come, ye maidens that should serve me,
Come, ye fellows from the village,
Come with me, behold the bridegroom,

Chosen suitor of my daughter;
Come, ye fellows from the hamlets,
Lead thee here the bride and bridegroom
To the seat of greatest honor
Facing all the guests of Northland.

Spake, then, ancient Wainamoinen:

WAIN. Grant, O Ukko, God of justice,
Grant thy blessing on the feasting;
Send enjoyment, health and comfort
To the people here assembled,
To the host and to the hostess,
To the bride and to the bridegroom,
That our lives may end in honor,
That we may recall with pleasure
Ilmarinen's magic marriage
To the Maiden of the Rainbow.

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## HOW SIEGFRIED WAS SLAIN.

[From the "Nibelungen Lied."]

GUNTHER and Hagan, the warriors fierce and bold,
To execute their treason resolved to scour the wold;
The bear, the boar, the wild bull, by hill or dale or fen,
To hunt with keen-edged javelins; what fitter sport for valiant men?

In lordly pomp rode with them Siegfried, the champion strong,
Good store of costly viands they brought with them along.
Anon by a cool runnel he lost his guiltless life—
'Twas so devised by Brunhild, King Gunther's moody wife.

But first he sought the chamber, where he his lady found;
He and his friends already had on the sumpters bound
Their gorgeous hunting raiment; they o'er the Rhine would go.
Never before was Krimhild sunk so deep in woe.

On her mouth of roses he kissed his lady dear:
"God grant me, dame, returning in health to see thee here;
So may those eyes see me, too; meanwhile, be blithe and gay
Among thy gentle kinsmen; I must hence away."

She thus bespake her husband: "Give up that chase of thine.
I dreamt last night of evil, how two fierce forest swine
Over the heath pursued thee; the flowers turned bloody red.
I cannot help thus weeping; I'm chilled with mortal dread.

"I fear some secret treason, and cannot lose thee hence,
Lest malice should be borne thee for misconceived offence.
Stay, my beloved Siegfried; take not my words amiss,
'Tis the true love I bear thee that bids me counsel this."

"Back shall I be shortly, my own beloved mate.
Not a soul in Rhineland know I, who bears me hate.
I'm well with all my kinsmen; they're all my firm allies;
Nor have I from any e'er deserved otherwise."

"Nay! go not, dearest Siegfried! 'tis e'en thy death I dread.
Last night I dreamt two mountains fell thundering on thy head,
And I no more beheld thee; if thou from me wilt go,
My heart will sure be breaking with bitterness of woe."

Round her peerless body his clasping arms he threw;
Lovingly he kissed her, that faithful wife and true;
Then took his leave, and parted—in a moment all was o'er—
Living, alas poor lady! she never saw him more.

Many a well-laden sumpter before them crossed the Rhine,
That for the fellow-hunters carried bread, and wine,
And flesh, and fish in plenty, with every dainty thing
That might become the table of such a mighty king.

Their course the noble hunters checked in an open glade,
Where the wild beast that haunted the neighboring greenwood shade
Passed to and fro by custom; the hunt they here would hold.
Thither, at length, came Siegfried, straight to the King—'twas bold.

Now every path and outlet the huntsmen had beset,
When thus bespake Sir Siegfried the chiefs who there were met:
"Ye bold and dauntless warriors! who will the honor claim
To enter first the forest, and bring us to the game?"

"Ere we begin our pastime," Sir Hagan straight replied,
"Here in this glade together, 'twere better first divide.
We then shall see more clearly, my lords as well as I,
Who's the most cunning sportsman of all this company.

"Let us divide amongst us the huntsmen and the hounds,
Then each, where'er he pleases, beat all these woody bounds,
And who excels his comrades shall thanks have from the rest."
Not long the hunters lingered, but started on their quest.

Then said the good Sir Siegfried, "I do not need a pack,
One well-trained hound will serve me the lurking beasts to track,
And the close scent to follow through every bush and brake.
We'll now begin our hunting," so Krimhild's husband spake.

With that, an aged huntsman a watchful lime hound took,
And shortly brought the champion into a shady nook,
Where stores of beasts were couching; as each sprang from his lair,
The warriors, like good hunters, fell on and caught them there.

All that the lime hound started, anon with mighty hand
Were slain by noble Siegfried, the chief of Netherland.
No beast could there outrun him, so swift his steed could race;
He won from all high praises for mastery in the chase.

Whatever he attempted he went the best before,
The first beast he encountered was a fierce half-bred boar.
Him with a mighty death-stroke he stretched upon the ground;
Just after in a thicket a lion huge he found.

Him the lime hound started—his bow Sir Siegfried drew;
With a keen-headed arrow he shot the lion through.
But three faint bounds thereafter the dying monster made;
His wond'ring fellow-huntsmen thanks to Sir Siegfried paid.

Then one upon another a buffalo, an elk,
He slew, four strong ure-oxen, and, last, a savage shelk.
No beast, how swift soever, could leave his steed behind;
Scarcely their speed could profit the flying hart or hind.

Next the sagacious limer a monstrous wild boar traced;
Just then the master-hunter came sudden up in haste,
And crossed his path undaunted as he to fly began.
Straight the churning monster at his bold opponent ran.

Then forward sprang Sir Siegfried, and with his sword him slew,
Such feat, I ween, no hunter besides had dared to do.
Then leashed they the good lime hound, and from the thicket led
And told all the Burgundians how Siegfried's chase had sped.

Then said his merry huntsmen: "Sir Siegfried, be so kind
As not our wood to empty, but leave some game behind;
There'll else be nothing living on mountain or on wold."
The champion at their jesting his laughter scarce could hold.

They heard, then, all about them, throughout those forest grounds,
Such shouting and such baying of huntsmen and of hounds,
That hill and wood reëchoed with the wild uproar.
Th' attendants had uncoupled four and twenty dogs or more.

Then full many a monster was doomed his last to groan.
They thought with glad expectance to challenge for their own,
The praise for the best hunting; but lower sunk their pride,
When to the tryst-fire shortly they saw Sir Siegfried ride.

The hunting now was over, for the most part, at least;
Game was brought in plenty and skins of many a beast
To the place of meeting, and laid the hearth before.
Ah! to the busy kitchen what full supplies they bore!

Then bade Gunther summon the noble hunting crew
To the royal breakfast; a horn a huntsman blew
That far and wide reëchoed, and told to all around
That by the tryst-fire ready the King was to be found.

Said one of Siegfried's huntsmen: "I heard a warning blast,
That thrilling horn assures me our hunting-time is past;
We must back to our fellows; answer it will I,"
So through the wood resounding rang question and reply.

Then spake the good Sir Siegfried, "Well, let us leave the wood."
His courser bore him smoothly, fast pricked his comrades good.
With their noise they roused a monster, a wild bear, fierce and grim.
Said Siegfried, o'er his shoulder to those who followed him,

"Now, comrades, look for pastime! See you you thicket there?
Slip the dog directly; I spy a monstrous bear.
The same shall instant with us, hence to the trysting-place;
To get off in safety, swift he indeed must pace."

Straight they slipped the limer; off leapt the bear with speed;
Sir Siegfried thought to catch him through swiftness of his steed,
He came on fallen timber, so thus it could not be;
Then deemed himself the monster from his fierce hunter free.

Down sprang from horse Sir Siegfried, and plied on foot the chase;
Naught then could aid the monster o'ermastered in the race;
Sir Siegfried strongly seized him, and cast a rope around,
And, ere he once could wound him, the struggling bear he bound.

So fast the warrior bound him, he could not scratch nor bite,
Then tied him to the saddle, and after mounted light.
So to the tryst-fire, laughing, with his snorting load,
By way of sport and pastime, the fearless warrior rode.

So stately from the forest rode on the noble knight,
The men of Gunther marked him soon as he came in sight,
And ran and held his courser, and gave him 'tendance fair.
Meanwhile close to the saddle lay bound the groaning bear.

The knight, from horse alighting, soft the band untied
That bound his paws and muzzle; straight, when the bear they spied,
All the pack of yelpers opened on him loud.
The beast made for the forest, scattering the startled crowd.

Scared by the din and uproar he through the kitchen raced.
Ah! how the cooks and scullions from round the fire he chased,
Upset were pans and kettles, and store of savory hashes,
Roast, boiled and stewed together were hissing in the ashes.

From their seats upstarted the lords and all the band;
The bear flew into fury; straight gave the King command
The hounds to uncouple, and slip them on the prey—
Had it all thus ended, it had been a merry day.

With bows and mighty bow-spears (no more was quiet there),
Up sprang the light foot warriors and chased the flying bear.
The dogs were there so many, none dared a dart to fling.
With shouting and hallooing they made the mountains ring.

Before the dogs he scampered; they followed where he led;
But 'twas the swift foot Siegfried that caught him as he fled.
Loud shouted each beholder that 'twas a matchless blow.
Now the high-born hunters were bidden to table go.

Then said the noble Siegfried: "I needs must wonder here
That joyous wine is wanting with such abundant cheer.
When so o'erflows the kitchen, how is 't the cellar's dry?
Treat merry hunters better, or hunt no more will I."

Then answering from the table spoke Gunther, false and fair:
"I thought that this day's hunting was not to be held here,
But in the wood of Spessart, so thither sent the wine."
Said Siegfried—"Better by far have placed us close beside the Rhine."

Meanwhile were slowly lifted on many a groaning wain
The beasts in that wild forest by Siegfried's manhood slain.
But straight he would to the mountain the running brook to find,
And so advanced the treason his faithless foes designed.

Now, when to the broad linden they all would take their way,
Thus the fraudful Hagan, "Full oft have I heard say,

That none a match in swiftness for Krimhild's lord can be,
Whene'er to race he pleases; would he grant us this to see!"

Then spake the Netherlander, Siegfried, with open heart,
"Well, then, let's make the trial! Together we will start."
"Agreed!" said treacherous Hagan, "let us each other try."
Then rejoined the fearless champion, "And if you pass me by,

"Down at your feet I'll lay me humbled on the grass."
When these words heard Gunther, what joy could his surpass!
Then said Krimhild's lord, "And this I tell you more,
I'll carry all th' equipment that in the chase I wore;

"My spear, my shield, my vesture—leave will I nothing out."
His sword, then, and his quiver he girt him quick about.
King Gunther and Sir Hagan to strip were nothing slow;
Both for the race stood ready in garments white as snow.

Long bounds, like two wild panthers, o'er the grass they took,
But seen was noble Siegfried before them at the brook.
Against the spreading linden he leaned his mighty spear
Laid down his quiver, ungirt his sword—the chief without a peer.

But for all the thirst that parched him one drop he never drank,
Till the King had finished. He had full evil thank;
Dear paid he for his courtesy; his bow, his matchless blade,
His weapons all, Sir Hagan far from their lord conveyed.

Then, as to drink Sir Siegfried down kneeling low he found,
He pierced him through the corselet, that sudden from the wound
Forth the life-blood gushed; still up he started as he were wood.
Out from betwixt his shoulders his own huge boar-spear stood.

But, ah! the deadly-wounded nor sword nor quiver found;
His shield alone beside him lay there upon the ground.
This from the bank he lifted and straight toward Hagan ran;
He hurled it with such power, by fleetness could not escape King Gunther's man.

Had he in hand good Balmung, the murderer he had slain;
A cloud came o'er his sight; he writhed in mortal pain.
So the lord of Krimhild among the flow'rets fell,
As from the wound his heart's blood fast did well.

Then spake he dying, and speaking sighed full deep:
"Oh, King! if thou a promise with any one will keep,
Let me in this last moment thy grace and favor find
For my dear love and lady, the wife I leave behind.

"Remember, she's thy sister, yield her a sister's right;
Guard her with faith and honor, as thou'rt a king and knight."
Thither ran all the warriors, where lay the lofty head,
And the true and faithful sorrowed for the mighty Siegfried dead.

Then said Sir Hagan: "This deed will prove our bale;
Who did the deed keep secret, and all keep in one tale,
That the good lord of Krimhild to hunt alone preferred,
And was singly slain by robbers as through the wood he spurred."

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# THE LADY OF VAIN DELIGHT.

GILES FLETCHER.

[In this quaint poem, u and v are frequently used interchangeably.]

PRESVMPTION, her pavilion spread,
Ouer the temple, the bright starres among;
(Ah! that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) And a lewd throng
Of wanton boyes sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercie, and of grace;
And euery one her deerly did embrace,
And shee herselfe enamour'd was of her owne face.

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,
That in one hand a guilded anchor wore;

Not fixed on the rocke, but on the brimme
Of the wide aire shee let it loosely swimme:
Her other hand a sprinkle carrièd,
And euer when her ladie wanerèd,
Court holy-water all upon her sprinkèlid.

Poor foole! shee thought herselfe in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she wear;
But, wear shee not in a foole's paradise,
Shee might ha'e seene more reason to despere.
Her tent with sunny cloudes was seel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light
That heau'n itselfe to her it seemèd oft;
Build castles in the aire, with idle paine,
Her heart shee never had in all her body vaine.

But when shee saw her speech preuailèd naught,
Herselfe shee tumbled headlong to the floor:
But Him, the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an ayrie mountaine nimbly bore,
Whose snowie shoulders, like some chaulkie shore,
Restless Olympus seem'd to rest vpon,
With all his swimming globes: so both are gone,
The Dragon with the Lamb—ah, vnmeet paragon!

All suddenly the hill his snowe devours,
In liew thereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtill vapours threw.
Not lonely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besiluerèd;
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare,
Nor Hylba, though his thyme depasturèd;
As faste againe with honie blossomèd;
Ne Rhodope, ne Temple's flow'ry playne:
Adonis' garden was to this but vayne,
Though Plato on his beds a floode of praise did raine.

For in all these, some one thing most did grow,
But in this one grew all things else beside;
For sweet Varietie herselfe did throw
To euery banke: here all the ground shee dyed
In lillie white; there pinks emblazèd wide,
And damask't all the earth; and here shee shed
Blew violets, and there came roses red,
And every sight the yielding sense, as captive led.

Vpon a lillie banke her head shee cast,
On which the bowre of Vain Delight was built;
White and red roses for her face wear plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds wear spilt:
Them broadly shee displaid like flaming guilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd;
Then up againe her yellow locks she wound,
And with greene fillets in their prettie coils them bound

Ouer the hedge depends the graping elme,
Whose greenie head empurpulèd in wine,
Seemèd to wonder at his bloodie helme,
And halfe suspect the bunches of the vine;
Least they, perhaps, his wit should vndermine.
Under the shade of these drunken elms arose,
A fountain, near which Pangloretta did repose,
The font of silver was, and so his show'rs did in silver speed;
But when Pangloretta here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ranne, and milk it rain'd, they say,
The roofe thick clouds did paint, from which three boyes
Three gaping mermaids with golden vases they did feed,
Flie, flie, Thou Holy Child, and thou, my chaste Muse
Where mounts of gold, and floods of silver run;
The while the bower's, with their wealth ondone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famish't soules with the deceitful shine.

Ah! who was he such pretious perills found?
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,
And threw upon them mountains of thicke ground,
To darke their orie lustre! but queint Pride
Hath taught her sonnes to wound their mother's side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosome spumie Bachus swells,
That neither heau'n nor earth henceforth in safetie dwells.

O sacred hunger of the greedie eye,
Whose neede hath end, but no end covetise,
Emptie in fulness, rich in povertie,
That hauing all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befanciest the men most wise!
The poore man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man king, the king in God's owne seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arme dares flames and thunder threat.

Therefore above the rest Ambition sat;
His court with glitterant pearle was all enwall'd,
And round about the wall in Chaires of State,
A hundred kings in splendour, wear enstall'd;
High above Panglorie's blazing throne,
Like Phœbus' lampe, in midst of heauen shone.

A silver wande the sorceresse did sway,
And for a crowne of gold, her haire she wore;
Onely a garland of rosebuds did play
About her locks; and in her hand shee bore
A globe of glass, therein the world depicturèd,
Whose colours, like the rainbowe, euer vanishèd.

Such wat'ry soap-bubbles young boyes do blowe
Out of their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they rowe
With easier breath, till it be wauèd higher:
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,

The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when shee came, shee 'gan for musique call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome Him withall:

Loue in the blossoms whear thear blowes
Euery thing that lives or growes:
Loue no med'cine can appease,
He burnes the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Loue did make the bloody spear
Once a louer's coat to wear,
While in his leaues thear shrouded lay
Sweete birds, for loue that sing and play:
And of all loue's joyfull flame,
I the bud and blossome am:
Only bend Thy knee to mee,
Thy wooeing shall thy winning bee.

See, see the flowers that belowe,
Now as fresh as morning blowe;
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora showes;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now borne, and now fade.
Euery thing doth passe away,
Thear is danger in delay.
Come, come gather, then, the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose:
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosome casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corne
To my house is yeerely borne;
Euery grape of euery vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,

And a world of ladies send mee
In my chambers to attend mee:
All the starres in heau'n that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine,
Only bend thy knee to mee,
Thy wooeing shall thy winning bee.

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## BEATRICE.

ALIGHIERI DANTE.

I HAVE beheld, ere now, at break of day
The eastern clime all roseate, and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene,
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
A-tempered at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight. Thus in a cloud
Of flowers, in white veil and olive-wreathed,
A virgin in my view appeared, under
A green mantle, vested in hue of living flame.
And o'er my spirit that, in former days,
Within her presence had abode so long,
No shuddering terror crept. Mine eyes no more
Had knowledge of her, yet there moved from her
A hidden virtue, at whose touch awaked
The pow'r of ancient love grew strong within me.
Toward me she bent her gaze,
Though from her brow the veil descending suffered not
That I beheld her clearly; then with act full royal
Said, as one who, speaking, keepeth back
The bitterest saying to conclude the speech:
"Look at me well. I am, in sooth, I am
Beatrice. What! Knowest not, O man,
Thy happiness is here?" There her words brake off—

And suddenly the angels sang:
"In Thee, O gracious Lord, hath been my hope."

Still she stood,
Immovable, and thus addressed her words
To those bright semblances with pity touched:
"Ye keep your watch in the eternal day
So that nor night nor sleep, with stealthy tread,
Can steal from you one step the ages make
Upon their path. Thence with more heed
I shape mine answer for his ear intended
Who stands there weeping, that the sorrow now
May equal the transgression. This man
Was, in the freshness of his being, gifted so
That in him all the better habits thrived.
These looks sometimes upheld him; for I showed
My youthful eyes, and led him by their light
In upright walking. Soon as I had changed
My mortal for immortal, then he left me
And gave himself to others. When from flesh
To spirit I had risen, I became less dear to him,
And into ways untrue he turned his steps,
Following false images of good that make
No promise perfect. Nor availed me aught
To sue for inspirations, with the which
I, both in dreams of night and otherwise,
Did call him back. Of them so little recked he,
Such depth he fell, that all device was short
Of his preserving, save that he should view
The children of perdition. To this end
I visited the purlieus of the dead, and there one
Received my supplications urged with weeping."

The beauteous dame then beckoned me to follow.
Beatrice upward gazed, and I on her, and saw myself
Arrived where wondrous things engaged my sight.
Whence she, from whom no work of mine was hid,

Turning to me with aspect glad as fair,
Bespake me: "Gratefully direct thy mind
To God, through whom to Heaven we come."
Soon a sight appeared
Which held me fixed; and I saw many a face
All stretched to speak. Sudden, as I perceived them,
I turned mine eyes and nothing saw.
Then turned them back, directed on the light
Of my sweet guide, who, smiling, shot forth beams
From her celestial eyes. "Wonder not thou," she cried,
"At my smiling when I behold thy childish judgment.
True substances are these which thou beholdest,
Hither through failure of their vow exiled.
But speak thou with them; listen and believe
That the true light, which fills them with desire,
Permits not from its beams their feet to stray."

Straight to the shadow, which for converse seemed
Most earnest, I addressed me, and began:
"O spirit, born for joy! It well would please
If thou wouldst tell me of thy station here."
Whence she, with kindness prompt and eyes glist'ning
With smiles: "Our charity bars not the door
To any wish by justice introduced;
Our hearts, whose high affections burn alone
With pleasure, from the Holy Spirit conceived,
Admitted to His order, dwell in joy."
Then saw I clearly how each spot in Heaven
Is Paradise, though with like gracious dew
The supreme virtues shower not over all.
She ceased from further tales, then vanished.

I turned on Beatrice all my gaze.
She looked with eyes that shot forth sparks
Of love celestial in such copious streams,
That virtue sinking in me, overpowered,

I turned, and downward bent, confused my sight.
Not long that mood did she permit, but with a smile
Beaming upon me, thus her words began:
"Now to fulfil each wish of thine remains.
I somewhat further to thy view unfold
That thou mayst see as clearly as myself."

I was not 'ware
That I was wafted up, but the new loveliness
That graced my lady, gave me ample proof.
As in a flame, other lights I saw, in circling motion,
That toward us came, and such "Hosanna!" sounded
As left desire to hear renewed the strain.
Then, parting from the rest, one drew near and sole began:
"We all are ready, at thy pleasure, to do thee gentle service."
"Tell me who ye are?" I cried. Forthwith it grew in size
And beauty, this augmented joy; and thus it answered:
"This little star is furnished with good spirits,
Whose mortal eyes were busied to that end,
That honor and renown might wait on them.
But it is part of our delight to measure
Our wages with the merit. and admire the close proportion."

With Beatrice I gloriously again was raised aloft
And made the guest of Heaven; and thus she spake
To me: "Thank, oh, thank the sun of angels,
Him who, by His grace, to this hath raised thee."
At these words,
Never was heart in such devotion wrapt as mine.
Then saw I a bright band in loveliness
Surpassing, who themselves did form the crown,
And us their centre; yet more sweet in voice
Than in their visage beaming. Then one spake:
"Thou fain would hear what plants are these that bloom
In the bright garland, which, admiring, girds
This fair dame 'round, who strengthens thee for Heaven,

The saintly soul, that shows the world's deceitfulness."
As on we went I gazed on Beatrice,
And her fair countenance my gladdened soul
Contented; subduing me with beam
Of her soft smile, she spake: "Turn thee and list,
These eyes are not thine only Paradise.
Behold the triumphal hosts of Christ,
And all the harvest reaped at length!"
Seemed while she spake her image all did burn,
And in her eyes such fulness was of joy,
As I am fain to pass all unexplained and silent.
"Why doth my face," said Beatrice, "thus hold and charm,
That thou dost not unto the beautiful garden turn,
All blossoming beneath the rays of Christ?"

Promptly I heard her bidding and once again
Encountered the strife of aching vision. Saw I then
Legions of splendors on whom burning rays
Shed lightning from above. A song most sweet
Rang through the spheres, and "Holy! Holy! Holy!"
Accordant with the rest, my lady sang.
Then, "Glory to the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit," rang throughout all Paradise.
My spirit reeled, so passing sweet the strain.
When lo! from down the sky a cross did fall! Christ
Beamed upon that cross; but whoso takes his cross
And follows, Christ will pardon, if I leave untold
The glitterance of Christ! Up and down the living light,
My eyes coursed. When I turned with purpose
Of my lady to inquire once more of things
That held my thoughts' suspense,
I answer found from other than I weened;
For Beatrice, whom I thought to see, I saw instead
One at my side, robed, as the rest, in glory.
And, "Whither is she vanished?" straight I asked.
"By Beatrice summoned," he replied, "I come to aid thy wish.

Behold her on the Throne, whereon her merit placed her."
Mine eyes I raised and saw her where she sat.
"O Lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest,
Who for my safety hast not scorned in hell
To leave the traces of thy footsteps marked,
Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep,
That when my spirit, which thou madest whole,
Is loosed from this body it may find favor still with thee."

So I my suit preferred, and she, so distant,
As appeared, looked down and smiled.

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## THE SIEGE OF ZAMORA.

[From "The Cid."]

Translated by ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AND there came messengers, vassals, to Ruydiez of Bivar, bringing him tribute; and they called him Cid, which signifieth Lord, and would have kissed his hands, but he would not let them till they had kissed the hand of the King.

The King sent for the Cid, and said to him: "You well know I have ever shown favor unto you, and you have ever served me as the loyalist vassal that ever did service to his lord; and I have, for your good service, made you chief of my household. Now, therefore, go to Zamora, to my sister, Doña Urraca, and say unto her that I beseech her to give me the town either for a price or in exchange, and I will swear to her, with twelve of my vassals, never to break this covenant between us. But if she refuseth to do this, I will take away the town from her by force."

And the Cid kissed the hand of the King, and said unto him: "This bidding, sir, should be for other messenger, for it is a heavy thing for me to deliver it; for I was brought up in Zamora by your father's command, in the house of Don Arias Gonzalo, with Doña

Urraca, and with his sons, and it is not fitting that I should be the bearer of such bidding."

And the King persisted in requiring of him that he should go, insomuch that he was constrained to obey his will. And he took with him fifteen of his knights and rode toward Zamora; and when he drew nigh he called unto those who kept guard in the towers not to shoot their arrows at him, for he came to Doña Urraca with the bidding of her brother, King Don Sancho. With that there came down a knight who was nephew to Arias Gonzalo, and had the keeping of the gate, and he bade the Cid enter, saying that he would order him to be well lodged while he went to Doña Urraca to know if she would be pleased to see him.

When the Cid entered the palace, Doña Urraca advanced to meet him, and greeted him full well, and they seated themselves upon the estrado. And she said to the Cid:

"You well know that you were brought up with me here in Zamora, and when my father was at the point of death he charged that you should always counsel his sons the best you could. Now, therefore, tell me, I beseech you, what is it my brother goes about to do, that he has called up all Spain in arms, and to what lands he thinks to go, whether against Moors or Christians?"

Then said the Cid: "The King, your brother, sends to greet you, and beseeches you to give him this town of Zamora either for a price or in exchange; and he will swear unto you, with twelve knights, his vassals, never to do you hurt or harm. But if you will not give him the town, he will take it against your will."

When Doña Urraca heard this, she was sorely grieved, and in her great sorrow she lamented aloud, saying:

"Wretch that I am, many are the evil messages which I have heard since my father's death! He hath disinherited my brother, King Don Garcia, of his kingdom, and taken him, and now holds him in irons as if he were a thief or a Moor; and he hath taken his lands from my brother, King Don Alfonso, and forced him to go among the Moors and live there exiled, as if he had been a traitor; and he hath taken her lands from my sister, Doña Elvira, against her will, and now he would take Zamora from me also!

Now, then, let the earth open and swallow me, that I may not see so many troubles! I am a woman, and well know that I cannot strive with him in battle; but I will have him slain either secretly or openly."

Then Don Arias Gonzalo stood up and said: "Lady Doña Urraca, in thus complaining and making lamentation you do inconsiderately; for in time of trouble it befits us to take thought of what best is to be done, and so must we do. Now, then, Lady, give order that all the men of Zamora assemble in St. Salvador's and know of them whether they will hold with you, seeing that your father gave them to you to be vassals. And if they will hold with you, then give not you up the town, neither for a price nor in exchange."

And she did as her foster-father advised. And when they were all assembled, she arose and said: "Friends and vassals, my brother, King Don Sancho, hath sent to bid me give him Zamora. Now concerning this I would know whereunto ye advise me, and if ye will hold with me as good vassals and true. If ye will keep my career, I think to defend it by God's mercy and with your help."

Then there arose a knight, Don Miño, a man of worth, aged and of fair speech; and he said: "God reward you, Lady, for this favor which you have shown us in thinking to come to our council, for we are your vassals, and should do what you command. Give not up Zamora, for he who besieges you upon the rock would soon drive you from the plain. The council of Zamora will do your biding, and will not desert you, neither for trouble nor for danger, even unto death. Sooner, Lady, will we expend all our possessions, and eat our mules and horses, yea, sooner feed upon our children and wives than give up Zamora, unless by your command."

When Doña Urraca heard this she was well pleased, and praised them greatly; and she turned to the Cid, and said unto him: "You were bred up with me in this town, and through your help it was the King, my father, gave it unto me to be my inheritance. Entreat my brother that he seek not to disinherit me; but if he will go on with what he hath begun, say to him that I will rather die with the men of Zamora, and they with me, than give him up the town."

When the King heard what the Cid said, his anger kindled against him, and he said: "You have given this counsel to my sister because you were bred up with her."

And the Cid answered: "Faithfully have I discharged your bidding, as a true vassal. Howbeit, O King, I will not bear arms against the Infanta, your sister, nor against Zamora, because of the days which are past; and, I beseech you, do not persist in doing this wrong."

But King Don Sancho was more greatly incensed, and said: "If it were not that thy father left you commended to me, I would order you this instant hanged. But I command you to quit my kingdom within nine days."

And the King ordered proclamation to be made that the people should make ready to attack Zamora. And they fought against the town three days and three nights, so bravely that all the ditches were filled up, and the barbicans thrown down, and they who were within fought sword in hand with those without, and the waters of the Duero, as they passed below the town, were all discolored with blood. And when Count Don Garcia de Cabra saw the great loss they were suffering, it grieved him; and he went to the King and told him that many men were slain, and advised him to call off the hosts that they should no longer fight against the town, but hold it besieged, for by famine it might soon be taken.

Then the King ordered them to draw back, and he sent to each camp to know how many men had died in the attack, and the number was found to be a thousand and thirty. And the King was troubled, and ordered the town to be beleaguered round about, that none could enter into it, neither go out therefrom; and there was a great famine within the town.

And when Don Arias Gonzala saw the misery, and the hunger, and the mortality which were there, he said to the Infanta Doña Urraca: "You see, Lady, the great wretchedness which the people of Zamora have suffered to maintain their loyalty; now call together the council, and thank them truly for what they have done for you, and bid them give up the town within nine days to the King, your brother, for we cannot defend Zamora."

And Doña Urraca gave orders that the council should meet; and she said unto them: "Friends, ye will see the resoluteness of the King, Don Sancho, my brother; and already have ye suffered much evil and much wretchedness for doing right and loyally, losing kinsmen and friends in my service. Ye have done enough, and I do not hold it good that ye perish. I command ye, therefore, give up the town to him within nine days, and I will go to Toledo to my brother, King Don Alfonso."

The men of Zamora when they heard this had great sorrow, because they had endured the siege so long and must give up the town at last; and they determined to go with the Infanta, and not remain in Zamora.

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# PALAMON AND ARCITE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Translated by JOHN DRYDEN.

[Theseus, King of Athens, on returning with Hippolita, his Queen, and her sister, the fair Emily, from a long journey, chancing to look aside, saw a crowd of dames on the roadside. As soon as they saw him they raised a loud cry, and beat their breasts and tore their hair. When he asked the cause of their grief, they told him Thebes, a city in his kingdom, had been taken by Creon, and their lords had been slain in battle. The cruel conqueror would not allow the dead bodies to be buried, but left them as food for his hounds. Theseus promised them that he would go to Thebes without delay, and punish Creon as he deserved.]

ALL day Theseus marched, and all th' ensuing night,
And saw the city with returning light;
And when the victor chief had Creon slain
And conquered Thebes, he pitched upon the plain.
Now to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest,
Two youthful knights they found by load oppressed,

Both fair, and both of royal blood they seemed,
Whom kinsmen to Creon the heralds deemed;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear.
These two were sisters' sons—Arcite one.
And the other valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both conveyed to Theseus' tent.
Now in a tower never to be loosed,
The woful captive kinsmen were enclosed.

Once young Emilia to the tower garden took her way,
To offer maiden vows in honor of the May.
It happened Palamon thro' a window cast his sight,
Though thick with bars, that gave a scanty light;
But that faint glimmering served him to descry
The wondrous and amazing charms of Emily.
He cried aloud. Young Arcite heard,
And up he ran to help his friend, if need with sword.
He asked him why he looked so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began.
"The glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Actæon, unaware I found."
While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fixed his look.
Then from his inmost soul he sighed, "Ah, me!
How longs my heart for her, so sweet, I see!"
"Speak'st thou in earnest or in jesting vein?"
"Jesting," said Arcite, "suits but ill with pain."
Said Palamon, "We plighted faith, that neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love.
But my love began ere thine was born;
Thou art my council and my brother sworn."

Great was their strife, which hourly was renewed
Till each with mortal hate the other viewed.

At length it chanced Pirithous came to attend
The worthy Theseus, his familiar friend.
Theseus to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restored to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if, hereafter, Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of the offence.
"What have I gained," Arcite mourned in loud lament,
"If I but change my bonds for banishment?
What matters it to me if, from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose sight of Emily?"

When Palamon knew his rival freed and gone,
He swelled with wrath and made outrageous moan:
"Alas!" he cried, "I, wretch, in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine.
And after, by some treaty made, thou'lt possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace!"
When Arcite was to Thebes returned again,
The loss of her he loved renewed his pain;
He raved in mad despair, his eyes in hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep, he loathed his meat and drink.
By chance a mirror he espied and there beheld
His altered look, at which belief rebelled.
A sudden thought then starting in his mind:
"Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise."

Arrived at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestioned in that thick resort.
He passed a year, Emilia's chamberlain, attending thus
On Emily, and by name being called Philostratus.

To Theseus' person he was ever near,
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.
Still hopeless Palamon mourns his fate, the captive knight,
For six long years immured, at last from prison took his flight.
A thick-spread forest, near the city lay,
To this with lengthened strides he took his way.
Unconscious to the grove Arcite conveyed
His steps where in secret Palamon was laid.
"In mean estate," moaned Arcite, "I serve my foe,
The man who caused my country's overthrow."
No word missed Palamon, and, starting from his place,
Discovered stood, and showed his hostile face:
"False traitor! Arcite! traitor to thy blood;
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good!
But be assured, either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim on Emily."
"Now, by the gods who govern Heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand, Palamon, should force thee to renounce thy love.
Here, alone, I will come to-morrow, with arms for thee and me;
Bedding and food I will provide, that thou a worthy conquest be."

His promise Palamon accepts, but him prayed
To keep it better than the first he made.
Arcite, ere the day, two suits of armor sought,
Which before him on his steed he brought.
Thus pale they met; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets, for none the greeting will return.
Two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded each the other till both were bathed in blood.
So fought the knights, and, fighting, must abide,
Till fate an umpire sends, their difference to decide.
In Theseus one appears, whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forest to destroy.

This gentle knight forsook his couch at early day,
And to the woods and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita, the Queen,
And Emily, attired in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood,
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood.
Approached, and looking underneath the sun,
He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon
In mortal battle, doubling blow on blow;
Like lightning flamed their falchions to and fro.
He gazed with wonder on their equal might,
Looked eager on, but knew not either knight.
But soon with sword unsheathed, on pain of life,
Commands both combatants to cease their strife.
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat:
"What are you? Why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against my laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?"

Then Palamon, with scarce recovered breath,
Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for, look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me;
Me first, oh, kill me first, and cure my woe;
Then sheathe the sword of justice in my foe.
Arcite of Thebes is he, Philostratus called by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to fair Emily. From Thebes my birth I own,
And call myself the unhappy Palamon.
Know me for what I am. I broke my chain,
Nor promised I thy prisoner to remain."

To whom replied the stern Athenian prince:
"Proud knight, since defiant thou ownest thy offence,
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed."
But when he saw the Queen's tears, heard her sighs,
Then said: "To the power of love I give these forfeit lives.
Depart from hence in peace, and each in a year bring
A hundred knights in royal lists to fight before the King.
And the knight who shall the victory gain,
The prize of valor and of love shall sure obtain."

Palamon and Arcite to Thebes' walls pursued their way,
Each to provide himself his champions for the fray.
The day approached when fortune should decide
The important enterprise and give the bride.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly King of Thrace.
To match this monarch with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, King of Ind, a mighty name!
Now, or ere the dawn of day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamors ring.
Two troops in fair array one moment showed,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strowed.
At length Palamon was forced to the ground,
Unyielding as he was, and to the pillar bound.

Now round the royal lists the heralds cried,
"Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride."
The victor chief then laid aside his helm and low he bowed,
And bareheaded paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then spurring at full speed ran headlong on,
Where Theseus sat upon his imperial throne.
Just then, from earth upsprung a flashing fire
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's fierce desire.
The startled steed was seized with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight.

Help was at hand; they raised him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous armor his limbs unbound;
Then lanced a vein and watched returning breath;
It came, but clogged with symptoms of stern death.
At length he waked, and with a feeble cry
The word he first pronounced was—"Emily!"

Arcite is doomed to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth and beauteous bride.
When hope was past he sent for her and Palamon,
And on his pillow raised, he thus begun:
"No language can express in smallest part,
The deep love for you that fills my heart.
Ah! my sweet bride! for you, for you alone,
I broke my faith with Palamon.
This earth holds not a knight of nobler blood;
For valor, truth, honor, all comprised in good.
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be loved as virtuous Palamon.
He loves you, too, with such a holy fire
As will not, cannot, but with life expire.
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on faithful, valiant Palamon."
Then speechless for a little space the hero lay,
Then grasped the hand he held and sighed his soul away.

The face of things is changed, and Athens now,
That laughed so late, becomes a scene of woe.
The year was fully mourned when, by general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament.
The monarch mounts his throne on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
Thus he spake: "Since Arcite is with honor dead,
Why should we mourn that he so soon is freed?
What then remains but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?

Now I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage joined with the fair Emily.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserved, had fortune done him right;
'Tis time to mend her fault, since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free.
'Tis no dishonor for you, our sister, to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race."
And turning to the Theban, thus he said:
"Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;"
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Thus Heaven beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent Palamon the blessing he so dearly bought.

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## SOPHRONIA AND OLINDO.

[From "Jerusalem Delivered."]

TORQUATO TASSO.

ISMENO before the King presents himself, alone —
Ismeno, who can startle Pluto on his throne;
Who sends his demons forth on errands ill
As slaves, and binds and looses them at will.

Once Christian, to Mohammed now he prays;
And from the cave in which he spends his days
Comes to his lord, thus menaced by the war —
To impious King more impious counsellor.

He said: "The dreaded army comes, O sire,
Thy zeal as king and leader I admire;
If thus all else fulfil the tasks they owe,
This land will soon entomb thy every foe.

"I, for my part, am come as thy ally;
I promise all old age's wisdom can supply;
In danger and in toil companion true,
The angels I will constrain to share thy labor, too.

"Within the Christian's temple before a certain shrine,
Always a lighted torch is made to shine
Upon the image, while near, in lengthened ranks, one sees
The rows, brought by believing devotees.

"This almost breathing form, snatched thence by force,
I wish to place within thy mosque, there to stay thro' time's course;
For while it remaineth safe in thine own land,
This empire, too, secure from harm shall stand.'

So spake he. The King, impatient, hurries to the house of God,
To bear the chaste image to that temple where the avenging rod
Oft falls on the adorers who vain rites bring
As penance due their false god, worshipping.

But when the new-born dawn appears in Heaven,
He unto whose care the sacred shrine was given
Saw not the image, and seeking found no trace.
To the King he sped, who sternly bade, "Search every place!"

And declared that whosoever took the statue,
Should be denounced by Heaven—his righteous due.
Anon, the King's servant sought each fane,
But found not the precious thing; search was in vain.

The King, finding the author of the crime he cannot learn,
With hate and quick revenge his heart begins to burn.
"My rage," he said, "shall not be in vain; 'mid all
This slaughtered sect the unknown one shall fall.

"So that the guilty 'scape not, I command that e'en the just
With the guilty perish. Not e'en one man may we trust.
Up! up! my faithful ones, to do my will!
Away! take flame and iron! Burn and kill!"

Thus spake he to the crowd. None offered plea or prayer,
All were plungèd deep in dire despair;
But none essayed excuse, till, wav'ring and dismayed,
At last they found the needed aid.

Among them was a maid of lofty beauty, regal mind,
And a youth, an Argus now, anon as Cupid blind—
Sophronia, she, Olindo, he, by name;
One city and one faith they, as birthright, claim.

In the meantime, news of disaster dire was brought;
And she, who was generous as pure and kind, sought
How she might save them in the direful case
That with fell destruction threatened all their race.

Through crowds she takes her way with gentle sigh,
Observing none till she saw the King draw nigh;
Then spake: "O sire, I come to yield the culprit, sought in vain,
Whom so offending thee may not thy mercy gain."

The King reined in his ire and meekly bowed
To charms thus holy, then he spake aloud:
"Tell me, then, all!" he cried. "My faith I plight
Thy people shall be safe." "The culprit, sire, is in thy sight,"

Soft she replied. "'Twas this hand of mine
The image from the temple took. Thine
Is the power to punish, O King! I am she
Whom thou seekest; vent thy wrath on me."

The tyrant stern demanded: "Tell me, and take heed,
Who gave thee counsel and who shared the deed?"
"O sire, only in myself did I confide;
I was sole contriver—there was none beside."

"Where hast thou the image hidden?" he demands.
"I hid it not, but gave it to the burning brands.
Sire, if the culprit thou desirest, look on me,
For the treasure stolen thou wilt never see."

The tyrant muttered a cry that might Heaven appal:
"On thee alone, then, my avenging wrath shall fall."
Stung to fury he dooms the maid to death by fire;
They tear her veil and vestment off, her womanly attire;

Twist cords around those arms so delicate and fair.
Still she spake not; her soul bowed not to despair,
E'en though her countenance faded to death's hue,
Yet dazzling in its beauty, fair to view.

Hither had the people drawn, Olindo with the throng.
When he beheld his lady bound, yet guilty of no wrong,
He hurls the crowd aside—"Not she, not she, O King,
Is guilty, 'twas I who did the wicked thing!

"Sire, by me was removed the image in the shrine;
I climbed to the place where the mosque did shine.
The deed and punishment both are my right;
I did the wrong in shade of darkest night.

"Those chains are mine—for me is lit the fire;
Forgive the maiden, she is blameless, sire!"
Sophronia turned toward him, her eyes shining clear,
Yet filled with soft compassion's tear:

"Why comest thou? What is it brings thee here?
Can I not the King's wrath bear, howe'er severe?"
Thus spake she to her lover; but the King's rage,
By neither word nor sign could they assuage.

And he chafes the more that she and he
Themselves inculpate with such urgency.
"Believe them both," he cries; "let both succeed!"
He nods to his vassals, who advance with speed

To bind the young man with their chains,
For the King's wrath two victims claims.
Both are fastened to the stake, back turned to back,
Face from face away; o'erhead the sky is low'ring black.

And now the funeral-pyre is laid, the flames arise,
While groans burst from Olindo, and deep he sighs:
"Alas! are these, then, the ties that unite us?
Do the gods we worship thus plight us?"

Thus spake he wailing. Sweetly she replied,
And in these words mildly began to chide:
"Far other thoughts and other griefs, my friend,
Should now employ us as we near life's end.

"Be patient, Olindo; we suffer in God's name,
Who to save the faithful from Heaven came.
Behold how fair is Heaven! And, dear one, there,
If true, we may live, and in its beauty share."

A cry of anguish from the Pagans loudly pealed,
The faithful, too, wailed pity, ne'er before revealed;
E'en from the King's hard breast a moan
Escaped, yet he disdained his grief to own.

Sudden appears, in stately guise, a warrior,
So she seems, of semblance high, in strange attire.
The tiger-crest which on her helmet gleams,
Draws toward it every eye; Clorinda's device it seems.

For she had from childhood felt but idle chains,
The small adornments of her sex. From Persia's plains
Hither she has come to oppose the Christian host
With might and at whatever cost.

Eager to see and learn, soon she found
Sophronia and Olindo, 'mid the throng, with fagots bound.
The crowds give way, she urges on her steed,
To learn why such sacrifice hath been decreed.

Clorinda's heart was melted in pity for the twain
Without delay she questioned of a wondering swain:
"I prithee, who are these? Tell me, my friend,
What fate or fault brings them to this sad end?"

Stunned by the tale, swift did she decide
To o'erthrow their doom, let what will betide.
She hails the guard: "Are there none who dare
Declare against this cruel task?" With defiant air

She sought the King: "I am Clorinda! Dost know
My name, O King?" Thus did her accents flow;
"I came to join thee and defend thy throne
Against a common foe; for this alone

I came; to lift the standard of our faith, nor yield
The land to any, e'en on battle-field.
Ready am I to lift thy standard on 'leaguered walls;
Nor thought of death or harm my heart appals."

She ceased. The King replied: "Clorinda, hail!
Aided by thy sword, the might of allied foes cannot prevail.
Valiant thou art in glittering armor bright;
As though of old some far-renownèd knight."

Then spake the warrior maiden in reply,
With courteous thanks for praise so high:
"O King, service I would to thee give. It may cost thee dear
Yet 'tis all I ask—bestow on me the culprits there.

"The Christian took the image, and I plainly see
The act was sacrilegious to our holy law; but verily
We know 'tis not meet our temples should possess
Idols at all, and, O King, it should be others' idols less.

"Up to Mohammed this miracle I joy to trace,
For 'tis not lawful e'en you his temple should debase,
Or its shrines offend with religion that is new;
To show you this I am here. O King, believe it true.

"Let, then, Ismeno attempt all that spells can do,
Only 'tis not meet we should such course pursue;
By the sword alone we warriors should be known;
This is our faith, our hope be this alone!"

Here ceased she, and the King replied:
"To such a pleader naught can be denied,
Justice or pardon, let it be; this pair,
Guiltless, absolve I, and, if guilty, spare."

Thus were they freed from death. Olindo's fortune proved
Most truly blest; from their funeral-pyre they moved,
Guided by Love and fair Hymen's torch alight;
And soon their nuptials did the gods delight.

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## THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

TORQUATO TASSO.

SAFE stands our simple shed, despised our little store;
Despised by others, but so dear to me,
That gems and crowns I hold in less esteem;
From pride, from avarice, is my spirit free,
And mad ambition's visionary dream.
My thirst I quench in the pellucid stream,
Nor fear lest poison the pure wave pollutes;
With flocks my fields, my fields with herbage teem;
My garden-plot supplies nutritious roots;
And my brown orchard bends with autumn's wealthiest fruits.

Few are our wishes, few our wants; man needs
But little to preserve the vital spark.
These are my sons; they keep the flock that feeds,
And rise in the gray morning with the lark.
Thus in my hermitage I live; now mark
The goats disport amid the budding brooms;
Now the slim stags bound through the forest dark:
The fish glide by, the bees hum round the blooms,
And the birds spread to Heaven the splendor of their plumes.

Time was (these gray hairs then were golden locks)
When other wishes wantoned in my veins;
I scorned the simple charge of tending flocks,
And fled disgusted from my native plains.
Awhile in Memphis I abode, where reigns
The mighty Caliph; he admired my port,
And made me keeper of his flower-domains;
And though to town I rarely made resort,
Much have I seen and known of the intrigues of court.

Long by presumptuous hopes was I beguiled,
And many, many a disappointment bore;
But when with youth false hope no longer smiled,
And the scene palled that charmed so much before,
I sighed for my lost peace, and brooded o'er
The abandoned quiet of this humble shed;
Then farewell State's proud palaces! Once more
To these delightful solitudes I fled;
And in their peaceful shades harmonious days have led.

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## UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

EDMUND SPENSER.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield.
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore—
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,

For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore
And dead, as living, ever Him ador'd.
Upon his shielde the like was also scor'd
For soveraine hope, which in His helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was, in deede and worde;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave—
That greatest, glorious Queene of faery lond—
To winne him worshippe and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave.
And ever as he rode his hart did yearne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd—so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemd in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milke-white lambe she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and everie vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the worlde in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land and them expelld;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

Behind her, farre away, a dwarfe did lag,
That lazie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with the bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus, as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Leman's lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shrowd themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor perceable with power of any starr.
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne and leading inward farr,—
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes' sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrowded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise, the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypresse funerall,

The laurell meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound.
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,

The fruitfull olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holme; the maple seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blust'ring storme is overblowne,
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

At last, resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which, when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
"Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde
Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show; therefore, your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah, Ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Virtue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."

"Yea, but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
I better wot then you. Though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forcèd to retrate.

the Wand'ring Wood, this Errour's Den,
monster vile, whom God and man does hate;
fore I read, beware!" "Fly, fly," quoth then
fearefull dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

mounted Sir Knight upon his steede againe,
nd with the ladie backward sought to wend;
at path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Nor ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
he which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought.
Long way he traveiled before he heard of ought.

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# THE OAK AND THE BRIERE

EDMUND SPENSER.

THERE grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely displayed,
But of their leaves they were disarrayed.
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with the storms,
His top was bald and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Briere,
That in his small bushes used to shroud
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,

Which made this foolish Briere wex so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.
"Why standest there," quoth he, "thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit, nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowers have been spread,
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours meet to cloake a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round.
The mouldy moss which thee accloyeth,
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove."
So spake this bold Briere with great disdain,
Little him answered the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weed he was over-crawed.

It chancèd after upon a day,
The husbandman's self to come that way,
Of custom to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round.
Him when the spiteful Briere had espy'd,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord stirring up stern strife:
"O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Please you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint.
Ah, my sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in summer-time?

How falls it, then, that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches are broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hind'ring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide;
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more pight;
And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flow'rets been defast.
For this and many more such outrage,
Craving your godly head to assuage
The rancorous rigor of his might;
Naught ask I but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance."

To this the Oak cast him reply
As well as he could. But his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
That the good man would not stay his leisure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he held in hand—
Alas! that it so ready should stand!
Aye, little help to harm there needeth,
And to the field alone he speedeth.
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might coolèd be;
But to the root he bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak,
For naught might they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.

In fine, the steel did pierce his pith,
Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
The earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake;
There lieth the Oak pitied of none.
Now stands the Briere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance.
But all this glee had no continuance;
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
The blust'ring Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Briere,
For now no succor was seen him near.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped snow burdened him so sore,
That now upright he could stand no more;
And being down is trod in the dirt,
And brouzed, and beaten, and sorely hurt.
Such was the end of this ambitious Briere,
In scorning eld.

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## EDWARD II.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[*Young* MORTIMER *and a number of lords present. Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA.]

MORTIMER. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

QUEEN. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord, the King regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,

Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears.
And when I come he frowns, as who should say:
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

MOR. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitched?
Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly, inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet ere that day come,
The King shall lose his crown; for we have power
And courage, too, to be revenged at full.

QUEEN. But lift not your swords against the King.

MOR. No, but we will lift Gaveston from hence.
And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

QUEEN. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his flatterers.

MOR. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
And if what we confirm the King will frustrate,
Then may we lawfully revolt from him.
Come, then, let's away. Madam, farewell!

QUEEN. Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the King,

MOR. Aye, if words will serve; if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter* KING EDWARD.]

QUEEN. Whither goes my lord?

EDWARD. Fawn not on me! Go, get thee gone.

QUEEN. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

EDW. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle Queen,
Thou'rt too familiar, I say no more.
By thy means is Gaveston exiled;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.

QUEEN. Your highness knows it lies not in my pow'r.

EDW. Away, then! touch me not.

QUEEN. Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds;
Witness this heart that, sighing for thee, breaks;
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel!

EDW. And, witness, Heaven, how dear thou art to me!
There, weep; for till my Gaveston be repealed,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
[*Exit* EDWARD.]

QUEEN. O miserable and distressèd Queen!
Would when I had left fair France and was embarked,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twined about my neck
I had been stifled, and not lived to see
The King, my lord, thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursèd Gaveston!
But that will more exasperate his wrath.
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston;
And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveston.
And so am I forever miserable!

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[*Enter* MORTIMER *and a number of lords.*]

MOR. Madam, how fares your grace?

QUEEN. Ah, Mortimer, now breaks the King's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not!

MOR. Cry quittance, Madam, then, and love not him.

QUEEN. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths;
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me!

MOR. Fear ye not, Madam; now his flatterer's gone
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

QUEEN. Oh, never, Mortimer! I am enjoined
To sue upon you all for his repeal.
This wills my lord, and this I must perform,
Or else be banished from his highness' presence.

MOR. For his repeal, Madam! He comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwrecked body.
But would you have us call him home?

QUEEN. Aye, Mortimer, for till he be restored,
The angry King hath banished me the court,
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

MOR. My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston
I hope your honours make no question;
And, therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail!
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the King's.
This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the King, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends
As he will front the mightiest of us all?

And whereas he shall live and be beloved,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.
But were he here detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborned
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for the brave attempt,
For purging of the realm of such a plague!
On these conditions, my lords, you say you consent.
In this, I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

QUEEN. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandoned and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord, the King
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new returned. This news will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me. I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he love me
But half so well, then were I treble-blessed!

[*Exeunt.*]

[EDWARD *enters, mourning.*]

EDW. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston!
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.
My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain.
Ah! had some fiend with my kingly sceptre
Struck me dead ere this grief had come!

[*Enter* QUEEN.]

QUEEN. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

EDW. That you late have parted from your Mortimer?

QUEEN. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repealed.

EDW. Repealed! the news is too sweet to be true!

QUEEN. But will you love me, if you find it so?

EDW. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

QUEEN. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

EDW. For thee, fair Queen; if thou will it so,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

QUEEN. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from thy rich treasury.
Oh, how thy smile revives poor Isabel!

EDW. Once more receive my hand, and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

QUEEN. And may it prove more happy than the first!

[*The* QUEEN *and* MORTIMER *conspire to dethrone the* KING, *and place her son on the throne.*]

MOR. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brained King
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself is in captivity.
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case, take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both;
Think, therefore, Madam, it imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be made protector over him
For our behoof. 'Twill bear the greater sway
When as a king's name shall be underwrit.

QUEEN. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
And, therefore, so the prince, my son, be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father as thou wilt,
And I will willingly subscribe.

[*A brief interval of soft music. Enter* QUEEN *and* MORTIMER, *after* EDWARD'S *death.*

QUEEN. Ah, Mortimer, the King, my son, hath news—
His father's dead, and we have murdered him!

MOR. What if we have? The King is yet a child.

QUEEN. Aye, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be revenged upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ah, me! See where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy!

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# DON QUIXOTE AND THE HUNTRESS.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza, issuing from a forest near sunset on the day following the famous adventure of the enchanted bark, espied sundry persons at a distance, who, it appeared, were taking the diversion of hawking; and among them he remarked a gay lady mounted on a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. Her own attire was also green, and so rich and beautiful that she was elegance itself. On her left hand she carried a hawk; whence Don Quixote conjectured that she must be a lady of high rank, and mistress of the hunting-party (as in truth she was), and therefore he said to his squire:

"Hasten, Sancho, and make known to the lady of the palfrey and the hawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, humbly salute her highness, and, with her gracious leave, would be proud to kiss her fair hands, and serve her to the utmost of my power and her highness's commands; but take especial care, Sancho, how thou deliverest my message."

Sancho set off at a good rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and went up to the fair huntress; then alighting, and kneeling before her, said:

"Beauteous lady, that Knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, Sancho Panza, by name. That same Knight sends me to beg your grandeur that you would give leave that, with your liking and good-will, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which are no other than to serve your exalted beauty, which, if your ladyship grant, will redound to the great benefit of your highness, and to him will be a mighty favor and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the circumstances such embassies require. Rise up, I pray, for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight should remain upon his knees. Rise, friend, and desire your master, by all means to honor us with his company, that my lord duke and I may pay him our respects at a rural mansion we have hard by."

Sancho rose, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her affability and courteous deportment. "Pray," said the Duchess, "is not your master the person of whom there is a history in print, called 'The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha,' and who has for his mistress a certain lady named Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same," answered Sancho, "and that squire of his, called Sancho Panza, who is, or ought to be, spoken of in the same history, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle,—I mean in the printing."

"I am much delighted by what you tell me," quoth the Duchess. "Go to your master, good Panza, and give him my invitation and

hearty welcome to my house; and tell him nothing could happen to me which would afford me greater pleasure."

Sancho, overjoyed at this gracious answer, hastened to his master, and repeated to him all the great lady had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her extraordinary beauty and courteous behavior. Don Quixote seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and, assuming a polite and stately deportment, advanced to kiss the hand of the Duchess. Her grace, in the meantime, having called the Duke, her husband, had already given him an account of the embassy she had just received; and, as they were aware of the extravagant humor of Don Quixote, they waited for him with infinite pleasure.

Don Quixote now arrived, with his beaver up, and signifying his intention to alight, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup; but, unfortunately, in dismounting from Dapple, his foot caught in one of the rope-stirrups in such a manner that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself; and he hung by it, with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not accustomed to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking that Sancho was already there to do his office, threw his body off with a swing of his right leg, that brought down Rozinante's saddle; and, the girth giving way, both he and the saddle, to his great shame and mortification, came to the ground, where he lay, muttering between his teeth many a heavy execration against the unfortunate Sancho, who was still hanging by the leg. The Duke, having commanded some of his attendants to relieve the Knight and the squire, they raised Don Quixote, who, though much discomposed by his fall, rose and limping made an effort to approach and kneel before the lady. The Duke, however, embraced him, saying:

"I am sorry, Sir Knight, that such a mischance should happen to you on your first arrival in my domain; but the negligence of squires is often the occasion of even greater disasters."

"The moment cannot be unfortunate that introduces me to your highness," replied Don Quixote, "and, had my fall been to the centre of the deep abyss, the glory of seeing your highness would have raised me thence. But whether down or up, on horseback or

on foot, I shall always be at the service of your highness, and of my lady Duchess, your worthy consort."

Sancho Panza had now got freed from the noose, and being near, before the master could answer, he said:

"I have heard say that what they call nature is like a potter who makes earthen vessels, and he who makes one handsome vessel may also make two. This I say because, by my faith, her highness there comes not a whit behind my mistress, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

Don Quixote here turned to the Duchess and said: "I assure your grace, never any knight-errant in the world had a more conceited prater for his squire than I have; of this he will give ample proof, if it please your highness to accept of my service for some days."

"I am glad to hear that my friend Sancho is conceited," replied the Duchess. "It is a sign of good sense; for wit and gay conceits proceed not from dull heads."

By this time, Sancho, having adjusted Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote remounted, and he and the Duke, who rode a stately courser, with the Duchess between them, proceeded toward the castle. The Duchess requested Sancho to be near her, being mightily pleased with his arch observations; nor did Sancho require entreaty, but, joining the other three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the Duke and the Duchess, who looked upon themselves as highly fortunate in having to introduce such guests to their castle, and the prospect of enjoying the company of such a knight-errant, and such an errant-squire.

# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## ACT II., SCENE 2.

[*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS *of* SYRACUSE.]

ANTIPHOLUS SYRACUSE. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wandered forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

[*Enter* DROMIO *of* SYRACUSE.]

How now, sir? is your merry humour altered?
As your love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DROMIO SYRACUSE. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

ANT. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

DRO. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANT. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

DRO. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANT. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that and that. [*Beats him.*]

DRO. S. Hold, sir, for pity's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANT. S. Dost thou not know?

DRO. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANT. S. Shall I tell you why?

DRO. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say every why hath a wherefore.

ANT. S. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

DRO. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season? When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason? Well, sir, I thank you.

ANT. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

ANT. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DRO. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

ANT. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

DRO. S. Basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

DRO. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

ANT. S. Your reason?

DRO. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

DRO. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

ANT. S. By what rule, sir?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

ANT. S. Let's hear it.

DRO. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

DRO. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

ANT. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

ANT. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

DRO. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANT. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

DRO. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and, therefore, to the world's end will have bald followers.

ANT. S. I knew it would be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder?

[*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.]

ADRIANA. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,
Unless I spake, looked, touched, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me.
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk.

LUCIANA. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANT. S. By Dromio?

DRO. S. By me?

ADR. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

ANT. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the force and drift of your compact?

DRO. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANT. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DRO. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

ANT. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

ANT. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

LUC. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

DRO. S. O for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land. O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue—
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUC. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot?

DRO. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

ANT. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

DRO. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

ANT. S. Thou hast thine own form.

DRO. S. No, I am an ape.

LUC. If thou art changed to aught 'tis to an ass.

DRO. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister; Dromio, play the porter well.

ANT. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised?

I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

DRO. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADR. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUC. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late!

[*Exeunt.*]

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# EVE'S MIRROR.

JOHN MILTON.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade of flow'rs. Not distant far a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as the expanse of Heav'n. I thither went
On the green bank, to look into the clear,
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me. I started back.
It started back; but pleased I soon returned.
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, had not a voice
Thus warned me: "What there thou seest,
Fair creature, is thyself; with thee it came
And goes. But follow me and I will bring
Thee where no shadow stays thy coming."
* * * * * What could I do
But follow straight invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, Adam, fair and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that smooth, watery image. Back I turned:
Thou following criedst aloud, "Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st of him thou art;
Part of my soul, I seek thee and thee claim,
My other half." With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine. I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

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# DORCAS AND GREGORY.

MOLIÈRE.

## Scene 1.

GREGORY. I tell you no! I won't comply, and it's my business to talk and command.

Dorcas. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will, and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humors!

Greg. Oh, the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life than when he told us that a wife is worse than a fiend.

Dor. Hear the learned gentleman, with his Aristotle!

Greg. And a learned man I am, too; find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education!

Greg. Ay, a regular education; first, at a school where I learned to read; then, with a gentleman at Oxford, where I learned very near as much as my teacher; from whence I attended a traveling-physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry Andrew, where I learned physic.

Dor. O that thou hadst followed him still! Alas, alas! the hour wherein I answered the parson "I will!"

GREG. And plagued be the parson that asked me the question!

DOR. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you when it sent you myself. I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserve such a wife!

GREG. No, really, I don't think I do.

DOR. [*sings; air, "Bessy Bell"*].

When a lady like me condescends to agree
To let such a jackanapes woo her,
With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,
With his love i' good faith to endue her.
His actions should still attend on her will—
Hear, sirrah, and take it for warning,—
To her he should be each night on his knee,
And so he should be on each morning.

GREG. Come, come, madam; it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

DOR. Lucky, indeed! a fellow who eats everything I have!

GREG. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

DOR. That has not even left me a bed to lie on. [*Sobs.*]

GREG. You'll rise the earlier.

DOR. And who from morning till night is eternally in an ale-house. [*Still sobs.*]

GREG. It's genteel—the squire does the same.

DOR. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

GREG. Whatever you please. [*Angrily.*]

DOR. My four little children that are continually crying for bread!

GREG. Give 'em a rod! Best cure in the world for crying children!

DOR. And do you imagine, brute, [*angrily*]—

GREG. Hark ye, my dear; you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

DOR. [*derisively*]. I laugh at your threats [*enraged*], you poor, beggarly, insolent fellow!

GREG. [*tantalizingly*]. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

DOR. [*angrily*]. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, lazy, impudent,—

GREG. Oh, ho, ho! You will have it then, I find! [*Beats her.*]

DOR. Oh, murder! murder! murder!

SCENE 2.

[*Enter* SQUIRE ROBERT.]

SQUIRE ROBERT. What's the matter here? Fie upon you, fie upon you, neighbor, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner!

DOR. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

SQ. ROB. O dear, madam! I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

DOR. What's that to you, sauce-box? Is it any business of yours?

SQ. ROB. No, certainly, madam, it is not! But—

DOR. Here's an impertinent fellow for you! Won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

[*Sings; air,* "*Winchester Wedding.*"]

Go thrash your own rib, sir, at home,
  Nor thus interfere with our strife,
May misery still be his doom
  Who strives to part husband and wife.
Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
  Whose bones are they, sir, he's to lick?
At whose expense is it, you scrub?
  *You* are not to find him a stick!

SQ. ROB. [*to* GREG]. Neighbor, I ask your pardon heartily. Here, take and thrash your wife; beat her, as you ought to do.

GREG. No, sir, I won't beat her.

SQ. ROB. O sir, that's another thing. Now you're manly, and—

GREG. I'll beat her when I please; and will not beat her when I do not please. She's my wife, and not yours.

SQ. ROB. Certainly, certainly, beat her—

DOR. [*very much enraged*]. Give me the stick, dear husband.

SQ. ROB. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself! [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3.

GREG. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

DOR. [*pouting*]. What, after beating me so?

GREG. 'Twas but in jest.

DOR. [*indignant*]. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine!

GREG. Pshaw! you know you and I are one; and I beat one-half of myself when I beat you.

DOR. Yes; but for the future I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

GREG. [*caressingly*]. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I am sorry for't. Forgive, and I promise—

DOR. Never to do so again? Well, for once I pardon you; but you shall pay for't.

GREG. Pshaw! pshaw! child; these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between very fond couples only tend to heighten the affections I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home. [*Exit.*]

DOR. [*shaking fist at him as he goes*]. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours, my name is not Dorcas! Oh, that I could but think of some method to be revenged on him! Hang the rogue, he is quite insensible! Oh, that I could find out some invention to get him well drubbed, and be even with him! I will! I will! [*Leaves in great excitement.*]

# THE COUNCIL OF THE RATS.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

OLD Rodillard, a certain cat,
Such havoc of the rats had made
'Twas difficult to find a rat
With nature's debt unpaid.
The few that did remain,
To leave their holes afraid,
From usual food abstain.
Now, on a day, this dread rat-eater
Who had a wife, went out to meet her;
And while he held his caterwauling,
The unkilled rats, their chapter calling,
Discussed the point, in grave debate,
How they might shun impending fate.
Their dean, a prudent rat,
Thought best, and better soon than late,
To bell the fatal cat,
That, when he took his hunting round,
The rats, well cautioned by the sound,
Might hide in safety under ground:
Indeed, he knew no other means;
And all the rest,
At once confessed
Their minds were with the dean's.
No better plan they all believed
Could possibly have been conceived;
No doubt the thing would work right well,
If any one would hang the bell.
But, one by one, said every rat:
"I'm not so big a fool as that!"
The plan knocked out in this respect,
The council closed without effect.

And many a council I have seen,
Or reverend chapter with its dean,
That, thus resolving wisely,
Fell through, like this precisely.
To argue or refute,
Wise counsellors abound;
The man to execute
Is harder to be found.

---

## A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

JOHN DRYDEN.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead!"
Then, cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well,
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark, the foes come!
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft, complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hapless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for Heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,

And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

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## BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happened on a winter's night,
As authors of the legends write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where in the strollers' canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain.
Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village passed,
To a small cottage came at last;
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighborhood Philemon,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night.
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goodly Baucis mend the fire;

While he, from out the chimney took,
A flitch of bacon off the hook;
Then stepped aside to fetch 'em drink;
Filled a large jug up to the brink
And saw it fairly twice go round.
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they had not touched a drop.
The good old couple were amazed
And often on each other gazed,
For both were frightened to the heart
And just began to cry "What art?"

The gentle pilgrims soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant:
"Good folks, ye need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said.
"No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke when, fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
The chimney widened and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But up against the steeple reared
Became a clock, and still adhered.
But still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl
Like a huge snail upon the wall;
There stuck aloft, in public view,
And, with small change a pulpit grew.
A bedstead of the antique mode
Compact of timber, many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused awhile
Returned them thanks in homely style,
Then said: "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease,
Make me the parson, if you please."
He spoke; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue.
His talk was now of tithes and dues,
He smoked his pipe and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text.

Thus having furnished up a parson
Dame Baucis next they played their farce on.
Her petticoat transformed apace,
Became black satin, flounced with lace;
Plain Goody would no longer down—
'Twas Madam in her grosgrain gown.

Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out:
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"
"Sprout!" quoth the man, "what's that you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous;
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding, too.
Nay, now I cannot stir my foot,
It feels as if 'twere taking root!"

Description would but tire my muse;
In short they both were turned to yews!
Old Goodman Dobson, of the green,
Remembers he the trees has seen.
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
"Here Baucis, there Philemon grew,
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down.
At which 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it."

# THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

ALEXANDER POPE.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!
Say, what strange motive, goddess, could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest;
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest.
He seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend.
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where;
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.

* * * * *

Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
The adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win; sure, if success his toil attends,
Few will ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

On silver Thames the zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smiles, and all the world is gay—
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or flight;
But what or where the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw,

And, shattered, sprinkling liquid, stain her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brilliante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins.
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain."

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend,
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear.
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling at the birth of Fate.
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
The baron takes the gift with reverence and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair;
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair,

And thrice they twitched the diamonds in her ear,
Thrice she looked back and thrice the foe drew near.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To enclose the lock; now joins it to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed.
Fate urged the shears and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head forever and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies,
As fierce Belinda on the baron flies!
"Restore the lock!" she cries, and all around,
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
The lock, obtained with guilt and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain;
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heaven decrees! With Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes.
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

# BOADICEA.

WILLIAM COWPER.

[Boadicea was Queen of the Iceni, a British tribe inhabiting what are now the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk and Norfolk. The King, her husband, having died, bequeathed all his possessions to the Emperor Nero and his two daughters. The Roman centurions, however, took his kingdom, and gave his daughters to their slaves, while Boadicea was publicly scourged for some real or imaginary offence. The Roman governor being absent, she burst into London at the head of a large army, burned the city and killed thousands of the Romans and Roman subjects. The Roman governor immediately hurried home, and a battle was fought near St. Albans. The Britons, although they fought valiantly and fiercely, were defeated by the disciplined Romans. Boadicea poisoned herself, A. D. 62.]

WHEN the British warrior Queen, bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien, counsel of her country's gods;
Sage beneath a spreading oak sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke, full of rage and full of grief:

"Princess, if our aged eyes weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties all the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish—write that word in the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred, deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned, tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise, heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs from the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings, shall a wider world command,
Regions Cæsar never knew thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew, none invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words, pregnant with celestial fire;
Bending as he swept the chords of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride, felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought and died—dying, hurled them at the foe:
"Ruffians, pitiless as proud! Heaven awards the vengeance due!
Empire is on us bestowed, shame and ruin wait for you!"

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# MARY STUART.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

*Dramatis Personæ.*
- ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.
- MARY OF SCOTLAND.
- HANNAH KENNEDY.
- EARL OF LEICESTER.
- EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

[Mary, having abdicated her throne after an unsuccessful attempt to retrieve her fortunes, crossed over into England and threw herself on the protection of Elizabeth, but was made a prisoner for life. After being removed from prison to prison, she was tried at last on a charge of conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth, and sentenced to death. In the hope of arresting the execution of that sentence, Mary solicited, and at length obtained, permission for an interview with Elizabeth. This took place at the Castle of Fotheringay. The scene opens on the arrival of Elizabeth and her retinue at the Castle.]

ELIZABETH. What seat is that, my lord?

LEICESTER. 'Tis Fotheringay.

ELIZ. [*to* SHREWSBURY]. My lord, send back our retinue to London.
The people crowd too eager in the roads;
We'll seek a refuge in this quiet park.
My honest people love me overmuch;
Thus should a God be honored, not a mortal.

MARY [*who has been looking at* ELIZABETH].
O God! from out those features speaks no heart!

ELIZ. What lady's that? [*Silence.*]

LEIC. You are at Fotheringay, my liege!

ELIZ. [*as if surprised*]. Who hath done this, my Lord of Leicester?

LEIC. 'Tis past, my Queen, and now that Heaven hath led
Your footsteps hither, be magnanimous,
And let sweet pity be triumphant now.

SHREWSBURY. O royal mistress! yield to our entreaties.
O cast your eyes on this unhappy one,
Who stands disclosed in anguish.

[MARY *collects herself and advances toward* ELIZABETH, *but stops, shuddering.*]

ELIZ. How, my lords!
Which of you, then, announced to me a prisoner
Bowed down by woe? I see a haughty one,
By no means humbled by calamity.

MARY. Well, be it so; to this will I submit.
Farewell, high thought and pride of noble mind!
I will forget my dignity and all
My sufferings; I will fall before her feet,
Who hath reduced me to this wretchedness.
The voice of Heaven decides for you, sister;
Your happy brows are now with triumph crowned;
I bless the power divine which thus hath raised you.
[*Kneels.*] But in your turn be merciful, my sister;
Let me not lie before you, thus disgraced;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from the depths of her distress.

ELIZ. You are where it becomes you, Lady Stuart,
And thankfully I prize my God's protection,
Who hath not suffered me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.

MARY. Oh, there are gods who punish wicked pride;
Respect them, honor them, the dreadful ones
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me;
Before these strangers' eyes dishonor not
Yourself in me; profane not, nor disgrace
The royal blood of Tudor. In my veins

It flows as pure a stream as in your own.
O! for God's pity, stand not so estranged and inaccessible.

ELIZ. What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart?
You wished to speak with me, and I, forgetting
The queen, and all the wrongs I have sustained,
Fulfil the pious duty of the sister,
And grant the boon you wished for, of my presence.
Yet I, in yielding to the generous feelings
Of magnanimity, expose myself to rightful censure,
That I stoop so low. For well you know
You would have had me murdered!

MARY. O! how shall I begin? O! how shall I find words
That they may touch yet not offend your heart?
I am a queen, like you, yet you have held me
Confined in prison. As a suppliant
I come to you, yet you in me insulted
The pious use of hospitality.
Slighting in me the holy law of nations,
Immured me in a dungeon, tore from me
My friends and servants; to unseemly want
I was exposed and hurried to the bar
Of a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.
No more of this; in everlasting silence
Be buried all the cruelties I suffered!
See, I will lay the blame of all on fate;
'Twas not your fault, no more than it was mine;
An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
To kindle in our hearts the flames of hate,
By which our tender youth had been divided.
It grew with us, and bad, designing men
Fanned with their ready breath the fatal fire.
Now stand we face to face. Now, sister, speak;
Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you.
Alas! had you vouchsafed to hear me then,
When I so earnest sought to meet your eye,
It never would have come to this, nor would,

Here in this mournful place, have happened now
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

ELIZ. My better stars preserved me. I was warned,
And laid not to my breast the poisonous adder!
Accuse not fate! Your own deceitful heart
It was, the wild ambition of your house.
But God is with me, and the haughty foe
Has not maintained the field. The blow was aimed
Full at my head, but yours it is which falls!

MARY. I'm in the hand of Heaven. You never will
Exert so cruelly the power it gives you?

ELIZ. Who should prevent me? Say, did your uncle
Set all the kings of Europe the example,
How to conclude a peace with those they hate?
Force is my only surety; no alliance
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

MARY. O this is but your wretched, dark suspicion!
For you have constantly regarded me
But as a stranger and an enemy.
Had you declared me heir to your dominions,
As is my right, then gratitude and love
In me had fixed for you a faithful friend
And kinswoman.

ELIZ. Your friendship is abroad.
Name *you* my successor! The treacherous snare;
That in my life you might seduce my people;
And, like a sly Armida, in your net
Entangle all our noble English youth,
That all might turn to the new rising sun,
And I—

MARY. O sister, rule your realm in peace;
I give up every claim to these domains.
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lamed;
Greatness entices me no more; your point

Is gained. I am but Mary's shadow now;
My noble spirit is at last broke down
By long captivity. You've done your worst
On me: you have destroyed me in my bloom!
Now end your work, my sister; speak at length
The word, which to pronounce has brought you hither;
For I will ne'er believe that you are come
To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.
Pronounce this word; say, "Mary, you are free;
You have already felt my power; learn now
To honor, too, my generosity."
Say this, and I will take my life, will take
My freedom, as a present from your hands.
One word makes all undone; I wait for it.
O let it not be needlessly delayed!
Woe to you, if you end not with this word!
For should you not, like some divinity.
Dispensing noble blessings, quit me now,
Then, sister, not for all this island's wealth,
For all the realms encircled by the deep,
Would I exchange my present lot for yours.

ELIZ. And you confess at last that you are conquered?
Are all your schemes run out? No more assassins
Now on the road? Will no adventurer
Attempt again, for you, the sad achievement?
Yes, Madam, it is over. You'll seduce
No mortal more. The world has other cares;
None is ambitious of the dangerous honor
Of being your fourth husband—you destroy
Your wooers like your husbands!

MARY. Sister, sister!
Grant me forbearance, all ye powers of Heaven!

ELIZ. Those, then, my Lord of Leicester, are the charms
Which no man with impunity can view,
Near which no woman dare attempt to stand!
In sooth, this honor has been cheaply gained.

MARY. This is too much!

ELIZ. You show us now, indeed,
Your real face; till now 'twas but the mask.

MARY. My sins were human, and the faults of youth;
I have never sought to hide them. I despised
All false appearance as became a queen.
The worst of me is known, and I can say
That I am better than the fame I bear.
Woe to you, when, in time to come, the world
Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds.
Virtue was not your portion from your mother;
Well know we what it was which brought the head
Of Anne Boleyn to the fatal block.

SHREWS. [*stepping between them*].
O Heaven! Alas, and must it come to this?
Is this the moderation, the submission,
My Lady, that you promised?

MARY. Moderation! I've supported
What human nature can support! Farewell,
Lamb-hearted resignation! Passive patience,
Fly to thy native Heaven! Burst at length
Thy bonds, come forward from thy dreary cave,
In all thy fury, long-suppressèd rancor!
And thou, who to the angered basilisk
Impart'st the murderous glance, O arm my tongue
With poisoned darts!

SHREWS. She is beside herself!

LEIC. Attend not to her rage! Away, away,
From this disastrous place!

MARY. A bastard soils,
Profanes the English throne! The generous Britons
Are cheated by a juggler, whose whole figure
Is false and painted, heart as well as face.
You now would in the dust, if right prevailed,
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch!

[ELIZABETH *hastily quits the stage; the* LORDS *follow in consternation.*]

KENNEDY. What have you done? She has gone hence in wrath?
All hope is over now!

MARY. Gone hence in wrath!
She carries death within her heart! I know it.
[*Falls on* KENNEDY'S *bosom.*]
Now I am happy, Hannah! At last,
After whole years of sorrow and abasement,
One moment of victorious revenge!
A weight falls off my heart, a weight of mountains;
I plunged the steel in my oppressor's breast!

KEN. Unhappy Lady, frenzy overcomes you:
Yes, you have wounded your invet'rate foe;
'Tis she who wields the lightning, she is Queen!
You have insulted her before her minion.

MARY. I have abased her before Leicester's eyes;
He saw it, he was witness of my triumph!
Yes, I did hurl her from her haughty height!
He saw it and his presence strengthened me!
[*Exeunt.*]

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# HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

"NE'ER have I seen the market and streets so empty!
Still as the grave is the town! All are running, racing,
To see the sad train of poor fellows driven to exile.
Wife, you did well to bid our son go meet them,
Taking with him linen and something to eat and drink.
The rich are bound to befriend the poor.
Hermann, I trust, will find them, and give them
Clothing and refreshment; I grieve to see such sorrow."

Straightway into the room the son made entry,
And in calm accents with gravity speaking:
"When I passed the gate and came upon the highway,
Streams of citizens I met returning; I quickened my pace,
For the train of exiles had long disappeared. Hastily
I drove to the village where I had heard to rest and sleep
They intended; as I went on my way, ascending
The newly-made causeway, suddenly I saw a wagon
Drawn by oxen. Close beside it there walked,
With sturdy footsteps, a maiden guiding the beasts
With a staff which she knew how with skill to use,
Now driving, now restraining their progress.
When the maiden observed me, she came near and said:
'Not so sad is our lot as it may seem to thee,
Nor alms would we ask of the stranger;
But have you linen and food to give these people
In their distress and their hunger?'

"'My mother sent me to relieve your wants and help the needy.'
With joy she thanked me and said heartily:
'May your kindness be by Heaven requited.'
On then she drove the oxen. I followed,
Overtook the maiden and said to her quickly:
'Maiden, my mother sent not linen and food alone;
She added wine, the weak to refresh, too;
I will put this in your care to divide with prudence.'
She replied: 'With faithfulness I will bestow your gifts,
And the weak and the weary shall rejoice at your bounty.'"

When Hermann had ended his story the neighbor
Exclaimed: "Only deem the man happy who lives in his house
In these days of flight and hardship and exile."
"Neighbor," rejoined Hermann, with emphasis,
"Altogether I differ. Can he be deemed worthy
Who thinks alone of self, and knows not the secret
Of sharing the joys and sorrows of others?

Many an excellent maiden needs a husband's protection
And many a man a cheerful wife his home to enliven."

Smilingly said the father: "Words of such wisdom in my presence
Have seldom been uttered by youth." Then spake the mother:
"Son, we set the example; not in times of mirth and of pleasure
Made we our choice of each other. The saddest of hours
Knitted us closely together." "And, my Hermann, you would cheer
Our old age," said the father, "if you bring us a daughter.
Bring home one of the girls of the neighborhood,
As I brought your mother before you."
Modestly answered the son: "Truly my wish was like yours,
To marry a neighbor's daughter; one whom, in fact,
I sported with in youthful days. But I have found them
Vain and unloving, unlike the Eve of Adam."
"Little comfort you give me, son. I always have said
You possess not a due sense of honor." The son arose
And approached the doorway in silence. After him shouted the father:
"Be off! Go and look after the business! But fancy not
That I'll ever allow you to bring home in triumph,
As my daughter-in-law, an impudent stranger.
Long have I lived in the world; and she whom you marry
Must be able to soften my cares and vexations" At these words,
Softly the son raised the latch and left the apartment.

Forthwith to the husband spake then the mother:
"Father, you're unjust to speak thus to our son.
We cannot fashion our children after our own fancy;
We must bring them up for the best, but let each do as he listeth.
My Hermann shall not be upbraided. You daily
Dishearten him, and make the poor fellow unhappy

Then after her son she hastened, hoping with words of affection
To gladden his heart, for well he deserved it.
She searched for her son till she found him at last
Under the shade of a tree, perched on the top of a hill.

'Neath its shadow the herdsman was wont to lie
When tending the cattle; benches made of rough stones
And of turf were placed all about it.
And there Hermann sat, his head on his arm,
And seemed looking toward the mountains beyond.
Softly creeping up, she tapped him lightly on the shoulder.
When he turned, she saw his eyes filled with tears.
"Mother," he said, in confusion, "why came you here?"
"My son, tell me what has saddened your heart?
You are weeping—what is it that makes you unhappy?"
Then he answered: "Truly, that man can have no heart
Who has no sympathy for the unfortunate exiles.
What I to-day have seen and heard has stirred my heart;
And though I am an only son, I deeply regret
I am not among those who are fighting for them.
I long to live and die for my country, and, dying,
Set an example worthy for others to follow.
But leave me now, mother; for as in my bosom I cherish
Wishes that are but vain, my life will be to no purpose."

"But tell me, my son, all that has happened,
The least as well as the greatest."
Then the youth gave way to his sorrow, replying:
"My father's words to-day have wounded me sadly,
For I have always meant to honor my parents.
None ever appeared to me so prudent and wise,
Who in the days of childhood so carefully guided and watched me,
Whose only thought was for my sake to swell their possessions.
I look down from this height and see how beautiful
Lies the rich expanse of vineyard and gardens;
Then I descry the gables and roof of our house.
Yet lonely do all things appear, the court and the garden,
The beautiful field which spreads over the hillside;
Yet a desert it seems, as there is none to share in its beauty."

"Why not, then, my son, do as your father and mother
Have urged—choose some fair maiden. Answer me plainly,

For my spirit tells me your choice already is made;
I know full well 'tis that poor emigrant maiden."
"It is even as you say, dear mother; yes, it is she.
But unless soon as my bride I should claim her
She will go on her way and escape me forever
In the confusion of war and the sad life of the exile.
Therefore, let me go hence, for my father has said
His house no longer is mine, if he shuts out
The maiden I would fain take as my bride."
"If she is worthy and good, my son, your father,
I feel sure, will give his consent to your marriage.
Men are like rocks when they stand opposite each other,
Proud and unyielding; but your father requires
Only kind words of persuasion, and, perhaps, the help
Of our excellent pastor. Come, we will venture at once."

The three were still sitting and talking together,
The landlord, the worthy divine, and the druggist.
"You should," said the excellent pastor, "bless your son's disposition,
So peaceful, and the like-minded maiden he wishes to marry."
Thus he spoke. At that, mother and son stood before them.
"Father," she said, "how often have we, when talking together,
Spoke of the joyful day in the future when Hermann,
After long waiting, selecting his bride, would make us both happy;
Now the day has arrived; his heart has at length decided,
And now he has chosen, with heartfelt emotion,
The fair maiden, the stranger among the exiles.
Give her him; else life will be to our son not worth the living."
And said the son: "My father, she'll make you an excellent daughter."
The father replies: "Strangely, indeed, has your tongue been loosened.
I see how the will of a son and a too gentle mother,
And neighbors all too ready to forward thy suit,—
How useless 'twill be to resist so many together;

For I see I must yield, else defiance will greet me.
Go, then, and bring the maiden home as my daughter."
The son exclaimed, with jubilant gesture:
"Ere evening arrives you will have the dearest of daughters,
Such as the man desires whose bosom is governed by prudence.
But I will loiter no longer; I'll straightway harness the horses."
Then seized the whip and took his seat in the carriage,
Not delaying a moment, but galloping uphill and downhill.

As the man on a journey who, just at sunset,
Fixes his gaze once more on the vanishing planet,
Then on the rocks, and in the dark thicket still sees
Hov'ring its image, so, before Hermann's eyes,
Did the beautiful form of the maiden softly move,
And appeared to follow the path through the cornfields.
But he roused himself from his dream, and toward the village
Turned his steps, and started; for once more
Saw he her stately figure approaching.
It was no phantom; in truth, 'twas she herself.
In her hands she carried two pitchers — one larger,
One smaller,— and nimbly walked to the fountain.
The sight gave him courage and strength,
And he said: "I find you again, dearest maiden,
Giving refreshment to those who need it.
Tell me why you have come alone to the spring,
While the rest are content with water found in the village.
Is't for the sick you saved with such courage?"

Saluting the youth in friendly fashion,
Said the maiden: "My walk to the fountain is fully rewarded,
Since I have found our kind benefactor.
Come and see for yourself the good you have done,
And receive the thanks of those your kindness has blessed."
Soon with her companion she arrived at the steps,
And both sat them down on the low wall.
She bent herself over to draw out the water;
He took also the pitcher and bent over the wall;

And in the blue of the heavens they saw themselves reflected,
Waving and nodding, and greetings exchanging.
"Now let me drink," exclaimed the youth in accents of gladness;
And she gave him the pitcher. Then like old friends sat they together.
"Pray, how came you hither far from the place where first I saw you?"
Hermann gazed on the ground, but presently lifted
Toward her his glances: "For your sake alone I have come —
Why seek to conceal it? Long has my mother been wanting a maiden
To assist in household affairs in the place of the daughter she lost."
"Hesitate not, but tell me the rest of your story; speak boldly, I pray:
You fain would have me now, as maid to your mother and father,
To look after the house and help keep it in excellent order?
Your proposal was short and short shall be my answer —
Yes, with you I will go, and the voice of my destiny follow.
Yes, with you I will go as soon as I've taken the pitcher
Back to my friends and received from them their blessing."

Joyfully heard the youth the maiden's decision,
Yet doubting whether 'twere best he should tell her
The whole truth, or let her remain in error,
Till safe in his home; then for her love to entreat her.
Reaching her friends thus spake the maiden:
"For the last time I have filled for you the pitcher,
And lifting, moistened your lips with pure water.
Here stands the youth for whose gifts we're indebted;
He has come and desires to his home I should go with him
As a maid to his rich and excellent mother and father.
So I willingly go with him, as to serve seems my vocation."
Hermann took her hand, and followed by many he whispered:
"The home is provided; let us go, as the day is declining."
Then the women with loving expressions embraced her,
And the children scarce would release her, till Hermann

Took her from them, their second fond, affectionate mother,
While they watched her departure with tears and distant-signalling handkerchiefs.

So toward the sun, now fast sinking to rest, they walked,
Till they reached the vineyard and garden of his home.
Then spake he: "That is our home which you now see,
And that window yonder belongs to my room in the attic;
All these fields are ours which are ripe for the harvest."

What now has been passing in the heart of the mother?
She had watched the approaching storm anxiously
Concerned for her son's long absence and all the perils night brings.
"Make the worst of the mischief," said the father. But the neighbor said naught.
The door was opened and there appeared the youth and maiden,
Who crossed the threshold together and approached the parents.
"Welcome the maiden kindly," said Hermann, "for she is worthy."
Then to the pastor: "I entreat you, help me, for I fear she will depart
In anger if I speak of marriage, for I have not ventured
To woo as my bride the maiden; but she must remain in error
No longer." The pastor turned to the guests there assembled.
But the father had already troubled the heart of the maiden
By saying good-humor'dly, "I see my son has as good taste
As his father, taking the fairest one home as his wife!"
Hermann heard the words, and inwardly quivered,
While Dorothea said: "My lot is far removed from that of your son;
Is it generous thus to greet me with language so jeering,
Which has nigh expelled me the house when on the threshold?
Let me depart forthwith! I must hence and away,
And seek once more my poor friends and share their fortunes.
I shall cherish the memory of the youth whom I met first
At the well. He seemed an angel descending from Heaven,
And I followed him willingly when he sought me;

But now the rolling thunder I hear shall not stop me,
Nor the falling rain which is descending in torrents.
So farewell!" And toward the door she turned.
But the mother seized her hands and cried:
"Why, what mean those tears? You are surely my son's betrothed."
But the father said: "There's nothing I hate so much as tears of a woman;
Matters must shift for themselves," and turned to his chamber.
Then said Hermann: "Shed not tears, dear one.
I came not to the fountain to seek you for father or mother,
But to win your affections, and offer a heart's faithful devotion."
The maiden through her tears smiled with heartfelt emotion.

Then the pastor took from the father his wedding-ring,
And the mother's, and betrothed the two children,
Saying: "I now betroth you and wish you all blessings,
With the parents' consent, and our friend here as witness;"
And then added his fatherly benediction.

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## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON.

ON dun Cithæron's ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
Wings the far hissing globe of death.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot,
Against them poured the ceaseless shot;
And as the fabric sank beneath
The shattering shells' volcanic breath,

In red and wreathing columns flashed
The flame, as loud the ruin crashed.
But near and nearest to the wall,
Of those who wish and work its fall,

With lance to wield and bickering blade,
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade.
From Venice — once a race of worth
His gentle sires, — he drew his birth;

But late an exile from her shore,
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.

Through many a change had Corinth passed
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,

He stood, a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast—"The Free!"

And in the palace of St. Mark,
Unnamed accusers in the dark,
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed
A charge against him uneffaced.

He fled in time, and saved his life,
To waste his future years in strife.
But not for vengeance, long delayed,
Alone fought Alp, the renegade.

Within these walls a maid was pent,
His hope would win without consent
Of that inexorable sire,
Whose heart refused him in its ire.

And many deemed her heart was won;
For, sought by numbers, given to none,
Had young Francesca's hand remained,
Still by the church's bonds unchained.

'Tis midnight; on the mountains brown,
The cold, round moon shone deeply down.
The tent of Alp was on the shore,
The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er.

'Tis but another anxious night,
His pains the morrow may requite
With all revenge and love can pay
In guerdon for their long delay.

He could not rest, he could not stay
Within his tent to wait for day;
But walked him forth along the sand,
Where thousand sleepers strewed the strand.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
And passed his hand athwart his face;
He felt not a breath come over his cheek;
What did that sudden sound bespeak?

Was it the wind through some hollow stone
Sent that soft and tender moan?
He turned to the left — is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

He gazed; he saw; he knew the face
Of beauty and the form of grace.
It was Francesca by his side,—
The maid who might have been his bride.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy and he may be blessed.
I come, and if I come in vain,
Never, oh, never, we meet again!

"Thou hast done a fearful deed,
In falling away from thy father's creed;
But dash that turban to earth and sign
The form of the cross, and forever be mine.

"If not, thou art lost; and never shalt see
Not earth — that's past — but Heaven, or me.
There is a light cloud by the moon—
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon;

"If by the time its vapory sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged.

"Dark will thy doom be, darker still
Thine immortality of ill."
Alp looked to Heaven and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky.

But his heart was swollen and turned aside
By deep, interminable pride.
He sue for mercy! He dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid!

He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
Her sons devoted to the grave?
No! though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him — let it burst!

He watched it passing — it is flown!
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake: "Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling; 'tis too late!

"What Venice made me I must be,
Her foe in all—save love to thee.
But thou art safe; oh, fly with me!"

He turned, but she is gone!
Nothing is there but the column stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
He saw not — he knew not — but nothing is there.

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that day were a jocund one.
Hark, to the trump and the drum,
And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"

"Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain!"
Forms in his phalanx, each Janizar,
Alp at their head, his right arm bare.

"When the culverin's signal is fired, then on,
Leave not in Corinth a living one!"
The reply was the shouts of fierce thousands in ire;
Silence — hark to the signal-fire!

Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.

But on a spot where vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Minotti stood, and the foes kept at bay
Outnumbered his hairs of silver gray.

Hark to the Allah shout! A band
Of the Mussulmans, bravest and best, is at hand;
Their leader, with arm bared, waves them on,
Thus in the fight is Alp ever known.

Still the old man stood erect,
And Alp's career a moment checked:
"Yield thee, Minotti! quarter take,
For thine own, thy daughter's sake."

"Never, renegado, never!
Though the life of thy gift would last forever!"
"Francesca! Oh, my promised bride
Must she, too, perish by thy pride?"

"She is safe." "Where, where?" "In Heaven,
From whence thy traitor soul is driven,
Far from thee, and undefiled!"
Grimly then Minotti smiled,

As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words as with a blow.
"O God! When died she?" "Yesternight;
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight.

"None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee.
Come on!" That challenge is in vain—
Alp's already with the slain.

While Minotti's words were wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking,
A shot pierced the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell,

Without a hope from mercy's aid;
To the last — a renegade.
Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers and his foes.

Then again in conflict mixing,
Clashing swords and spears transfixing,
Now the Othmans gain the gate,
Still resists its iron weight.

But the portal wavering grows and weak—
The iron yields, the hinges creak;
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
Lost Corinth may resist no more.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar-stone,
And made the sign of the cross, with a sigh
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby,

And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
Inward and onward the Mussulmans came!
On the altar table they behold
The cup of consecrated gold,
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes.

So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached,
When old Minotti's hand
Touched with the torch the train—
'Tis fired!
Spire, vaults, shrine, spoil, the slain,
The turbaned victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shivered fane
In one wild roar expired!

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# ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL.

JOHN KEATS.

[Holman Hunt has made this poem the subject of a painting; he represents an interior with Isabella in listening attitude, leaning over a pot of Basil.]

FAIR Isabella with her two brothers dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandise,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
In torched mines and noisy factories;

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had.
And how she loved him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, wellnigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade designs,
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
When 'twas their plan to coax her, by degrees,
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

And many a jealous conference had they,
  And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fixed upon the surest way
  To make the youngster for his crime atone;
At last they thought to seek some forest dim,
Then kill Lorenzo and there bury him.
  So on a pleasant morning as he leant
Into the sunrise o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, they to him said:
  "You seem, Lorenzo, in the quiet of content;

"But bestride your steed, to-day we mount,
  To spur three leagues toward the Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
  His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
Lorenzo bowed, and to the courtyard passed alone,
  Each third step did he pause, and listened oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
  Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
He heard a laugh, and, looking up, saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, with delight.

"Loved Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
  Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow,
Ah! What if I should lose thee, when so fain
  I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence? But we'll gain
  Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow;
Good-bye! I'll soon be back." "Good-bye," said she,
And as he went she chanted merrily.

So the two brothers and their doomèd man
  Rode past fair Florence to where Arno's stream,
With dancing bulrush itself doth gently fan;
  Wan the brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flushed with love. They passed the water,
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

There was Lorenzo slain! Put on thy widow's bands,
Poor girl! and fly from these accursed lands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow,

Because Lorenzo comes not. Oftentimes
She asked her brothers with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
Could keep him off so long? They told a tale
To check her fears, how with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands;
And she had died in utter ignorance,
But for a thing that came as 'twere by chance.

It was a vision. In the midnight gloom,
Lorenzo stood at her couch's foot, his eyes were bright
With love, and they kept all fear of the tomb
From Isabel by magic of their light,
The while he said: "Isabel, my sweet!
Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed
Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
Comes from beyond the river to my bed.
Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

"Adieu." With morn Isabel had devised
How she might secret to the forest hie,
How she might find the clay so dearly prized,
And sing to it one latest lullaby;
How her short absence might be unsurmised,
While she the inmost of the dream would try.
Resolved, she took with her an aged nurse,
And went into that dismal forest hearse.

See, as they creep along the river-side,
How she doth whisper to that aged dame,
And, after looking round the campaign wide,
Shows her a knife. "What feverous, hectic flame
Burns in thee, child? What good can thee betide,
That thou shouldst smile again?" The evening came,
And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, then began
To dig more fervently than misers can.
The old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core,
And so she put her lean hands to the horrid thing,
As she knelt by it with her locks all hoar;
But ah, it was no formless monster's head
They cut away. Pale Isabel low moaned,
And kissed it. 'Twas Lorenzo, cold and dead,
Dead, indeed, gentle love, but not dethroned.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel;
She calmed its wild hair with a golden comb,
Pointed the lash o'er each eye's sepulchral cell;
Then in a silken scarf, sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers plucked in Araby,
She wrapped it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden spot, wherein she laid it by,
And covered it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

Her kindred and her brethren pondered much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
And why it flourished, as by magic touch;
Greatly they wondered what the thing might mean;
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean

Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

Therefore they watched a time when they might sift
  This hidden whim; and long they watched in vain;
For seldom did she go to chapel shrift,
  And seldom felt she any hunger pain;
Yet they contrived to steal the Basil pot,
  And to examine it in secret place;
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
  And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face,
And so they left Florence. Away they went,
With blood upon their heads to banishment.

Piteous looked Isabel on senseless things,
  And in low voice she oftentimes would cry
After her brethren in their wanderings,
  And ask them where her Basil was; and why
'Twas hid from her; and sad she sighed "O cruelty
To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

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## THE BESIEGED CASTLE.

WALTER SCOTT.

[Ivanhoe, an English knight, has been taken prisoner by the Normans and lies wounded in a chamber in a castle, under the care of Rebecca, the Jewess, who is also a prisoner. To her question if his wounds pain him, he replies:]

"MY mind, gentle maiden, is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now I learn that I am a prisoner; and, if I judge aright of the loud, hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. If I could but drag myself to yonder window that I might see how this brave game is like to go! If I had but a bow to shoot a shaft, or a battle-axe to strike—were it but a single blow—

for our deliverance! It is vain! it is vain! I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight. The sounds have ceased of a sudden; it may be they join not to battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it. This dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, expecting an instant attack. What we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm — it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yon window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight. I myself will stand at the lattice and describe to you, as I can, what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not! Each lattice, each aperture will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft ——"

"It shall be welcome."

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca, this is no maiden's pastime. Do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion. At least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of thy person at the lattice as may be."

Following his directions, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

"The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous; he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"Seem there no other leaders?"

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station; but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed — they appear even now to advance. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures Thou hast made!"

Her description was here interrupted by the shouts of both parties augmenting the fearful din; the assailants crying: "St. George

for Merrie England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "En avant, De Bracy!" "Beau séant! Beau séant!" "Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!" according to the different war-cries of their commanders.

"Look from the window once again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm. What dost thou see, Rebecca!"

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes and to hide the men who shoot them."

"That cannot endure if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms; the archery may avail but little against stone-walls and bulwarks. Look for the Black Knight and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not."

"Foul craven! Does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not! I see him now! He leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders! They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man."

"Look forth again, Rebecca! The archery must, in some degree, have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand."

"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?"

"The Black Knight! But no — but no — he is on foot again and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow — he falls — he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?"

"Yes; his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar. Their united force compels the champion to pause — they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls!"

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?"

"They have! they have!"

"Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The besieged have the better."

"Saint George, strike for us! Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No, they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din of the battle. The postern gate shakes — it crashes — it is splintered by his blows! They rush in — the outwork is won! O Heaven! they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than battle."

"What do they now, maiden? This is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time."

"Our friends will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight — I swear by the honor of my house; I vow by the name of my lady love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas! this impatient yearning after action will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca, thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest or a woman when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live; the dust, the mêlée, is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Would to Heaven that I could redeem Judah! Would that mine own blood might avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor from the chains of the oppressor! He sleeps! Nature exhausted by sufferance and waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moments of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber."

At that moment he awakened, only to be sensible of a new danger — the burning of the castle. The Templar came and bore Rebecca from the scene At that instant the Black Knight entered the apartment, seized Ivanhoe and rushed to the postern One turret was now in flames, which burst out furiously from window and shot-hole. The towering flames soon surmounted every obstruction and rose to the evening skies, one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide throughout the adjacent country Tower after tower crashed down with blazing roof and rafter, and the combatants were driven from the court-yard.

The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with fear and wonder upon the flames. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and a voice was heard: "Shout, yeomen, the den of tyrants is no more!"

## THE FEAST OF ROSES.

THOMAS MOORE.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and gardens and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
But never yet, by night or by day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray
Did the sweet valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstacy, for now
The valley holds its Feast of Roses.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the lake, serene and cool,

When day had hid his sultry flame,
  Behind the shades of Baramoule,
A thousand restless torches played
Through every grove and island shade,
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And all were free, and wandering,
  And all exclaimed to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
  So gay a Feast of Roses yet

If woman can the worst wilderness make dear
Think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!
So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,
When from power and pomp and trophies of war
He flew to the Valley, forgetting them all,
With the light of his harem, his young Nourmahal.
But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart's employ?
Where does the loved Sultana hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?
Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
A something light as air, a look,
  A word unkind or wrongly taken—
O love that tempests never shook,
  A breath, a touch like this hath shaken!

Such cloud it is that now hangs over
The heart of the imperial lover,
And far hath banished from his sight
His Nourmahal, his harem's light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
  He wanders joyless and alone;
Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal
  Amid the luxuries of this hour,

Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequestered bower,
With no one near to soothe or aid,
But that inspired and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the Enchantress, who had pledged she would recall
Her Selim's smile again to Nourmahal.

'Twas midnight. Thus Namouna: "'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower;
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the morn has breathed,
Which, worn by her whose love has strayed,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell ——"

"'Tis for me, for me,"
Cries Nourmahal, impatiently.
"O! twine that wreath for me to-night!"
Then rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew,
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beam;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining flowers.
Filled with the cool inspiring smells,
The enchantress now begins her spells.

No sooner was the flowery crown
Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall,
Upon the lids of Nourmahal.
Suddenly a Spirit hovers round her and sings:
"Hither I come
From my fairy home;

And if there's magic in music's strain
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again."

'Tis dawn and Nourmahal is up and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose strings,
Oh, bliss! now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial spirit's wings.
And then her voice — 'tis more than human;
Never till now had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from Heaven;
And, rapt, she dwells upon the song,
And pours again each sound along.

That evening (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love released,
By mirth, by music and the bowl)
Imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar;
In whose saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The valley's loveliest all assembled.
Everything young, everything fair,
From east and west is blushing there,
Except, except, O Nourmahal!
Thou loveliest, dearest, of them all,
Thou wert not there — so Selim thought,
And everything seemed drear without thee.
But, ah! thou wert, thou wert — and brought
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.

Mingling unnoticed with a band
Of lutanists from many a land,
And veiled by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids,

She roved, with beating heart, around,
And waited, trembling, for the minute
When she might try if still the sound
Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wines—
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
But what are cups without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow?
And see — a lovely Georgian maid
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hands across the strings
Of a syrinda, and thus sings:
"Come hither, come hither, by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequalled in bliss;
And, oh, if there be an Elysium on earth
It is this, it is this!"

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords.
At once a hundred voices said:
"It is the masked Arabian maid."
While Selim who had deepest felt the strain
Now motioned with his hand that she should sing again.
Too inly touched for utterance, he dashed away the cup
His hand had held, untasted, up;
And naming her so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaimed:
"O Nourmahal! O Nourmahal!
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again!"

The mask is off, the charm is wrought,
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his harem's light!
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

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# WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

THOMAS MOORE.

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
Called at many a maiden's dwelling.
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them:
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids who now first dreamed of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?"
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laughed, some blushed, and some trembled.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;
Here are gold ones — you may trust 'em!"
(These, of course, found ready custom.)

"Come, buy my love-knots!
Come, buy my love-knots!
Some are labelled 'Knots to tie men —
Love the maker — Bought of Hymen.'"

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!
See these flowers — they're drooping sadly!
This gold-knot, too, ties but badly!
Who'd buy such love-knots?
Who'd buy such love-knots?
Even this tie, with Love's name round it —
All a sham! He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laughed, but for good-breeding;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to —
"Take back our love-knots!
Take back our love-knots!"—
Coolly said: "There's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands! Good morning."

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# THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

VICTOR HUGO.

FOR both armies the opening was difficult, uncertain, hesitating, and threatening.

It had rained all night. The ground was softened by the shower; water lay here and there in the hollows of the plain as in basins; at some points the wheels sank in to the axles; the horses' girths dripped with liquid mud. Had not the wheat and rye spread down by that multitude of advancing carts filled the ruts and made a bed under the wheels, all movement, particularly in the valleys, would have been impossible.

The affair opened late. Napoleon had a habit of holding all his artillery in hand like a pistol, aiming now at one point, anon at another point of the battle; and he desired to wait until the field-batteries could wheel and gallop freely; for this the sun must come out and dry the ground. But the sun did not come out. He had not now the field of Austerlitz.

When the first gun was fired, the English General Colville looked at his watch and noted that it was thirty-five minutes past eleven. The battle was commenced with great fury by the left wing of the French at Hougomont. At the same time Napoleon attacked the centre. Ney commanded the right wing of the French, and immediately attacked the left wing of the English. This attack was intended to overwhelm the English left, cut the Brussels road, bar the passage of the Prussians, should they come, to carry Mont St. Jean and drive Wellington back. It was successful. La Haie Sainte was captured. Then the battle wavered.

There is in this day from noon to four o'clock an obscure interval; the middle of the battle is almost indistinct, and partakes of the thickness of the conflict. Twilight was gathering. You could perceive vast fluctuations in this mist, a giddy mirage, implements of war now almost unknown, the flaming colbacks, the waving sabretaches; the crossed shoulder-belts; the grenade cartridge boxes; the dolmans of the Hussars; the red boots with a thousand creases; the heavy shakos festooned with fringe; the almost black infantry of Brunswick united with the scarlet infantry of England; the English soldiers with great white circular pads on their sleeves for epaulets; the Hanoverian light horse with their oblong leather caps with copper bands and flowing plumes of red horse-hair; the Scotch with bare knees and plaids; the large white gaiters of the French grenadiers,—tableaux, not strategic lines, the need of Salvator Rosa, not of Gribeauval.

Late in the afternoon the battle assumed precision. Toward four o'clock the situation of the English army was serious. The Prince of Orange, desperate and intrepid, called to the Hollando-Belgians, "Nassau! Brunswick! never retreat!" Wellington was frigidly heroic. The balls rained down. His aide-de-camp had

just fallen at his side. Lord Hill, showing him a bursting shell, said:

"My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us if you allow yourself to be killed?"

"To follow my example," answered Wellington

To Clinton he said, laconically: "Hold this spot to the last man."

The day was clearly going badly. Wellington cried to his old companions of Talavera, Vittoria and Salamanca · "Boys, we must not be beaten! What would they say of us in England?"

About this time, the English line staggered backward. All at once only the artillery and sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau; the rest disappeared These regiments, driven by the shells and bullets of the French, fell back into the valley. A retrograde movement took place; the battle front of the English was slipping away; Wellington gave ground.

"Beginning retreat!" cried Napoleon. He started up and half rose in his saddle The flash of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignies and destroyed—that was the final overthrow of England by France! It was Crécy, Poitiers, Malplaquet and Ramillies avenged! The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt. Contemplating this terrible turn of fortune, the Emperor swept his glass for the last time over every point of the battle-field. .He was reflecting, he was examining the slopes, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye-field, the footpath; he seemed to count every bush. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete the repulse by a crushing charge Turning abruptly he sent off a courier at full speed to Paris, to announce that the battle was won. He then ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint Jean.

Behind the crest of the plateau the English infantry waited, calm, silent and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full

trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and the fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces with grey mustaches crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau; it was like the beginning of an earthquake. All at once, at the left of the English the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent on the extermination of the English squares, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English, a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second. The horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders. No power to retreat, the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English, crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Here the loss of the battle commenced.

At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in number, grew greater in heart. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful. All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them. This frigid infantry remained impassable. The cuirassiers rushed forward with crushing force. The great horses reared, trampled upon the ranks, leaped over the bayonets and fell, gigantic, in the midst of these four living walls. The balls made gaps in the ranks of

the cuirassiers; the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, ground down beneath the horses' feet. The squares kept up an explosion in the midst of their assailants. They were battalions no longer, they were craters. With such Frenchmen only such Englishmen could cope. It was no longer a conflict! it was a darkness, a fury, a giddy vortex of souls and courage, a hurricane of sword-flashes! In an instant the fourteen hundred horse-guards were but eight. The cuirassiers left the cavalry to return to the infantry. All this terrible multitude wrestled with each other without letting go their hold.

There were twelve assaults, the struggle lasting two hours. The English army was terribly shaken. Wellington, though three-fourths conquered, was struck with heroic admiration. He said in a low voice: "Splendid!" This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first? The English army was farthest gone. The furious onslaughts of these great squadrons had ground up the infantry. A few men about a flag marked the place of a regiment; battalions were now commanded by captains or lieutenants. Alten's division was almost destroyed; there were hardly any left of those Dutch grenadiers. The loss in officers was heavy. With the exception of the small reserve drawn up behind the hospital, Wellington's cavalry was exhausted. Many thought the Duke beyond hope. At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these sombre words: "Blücher or night!"

It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frischemont. Blücher and his army arrived in time.

The irruption of a third army threw everything in confusion. A new battle falling at nightfall upon the dismantled regiments of the French, the whole English line, assuming the offensive, pushed forward. The gigantic gap made in the French army, the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid, extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank, the Guard entered into line amid this terrible crumbling. Feeling that they were going to

their death, they cried out: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There is nothing more touching in history than this death-agony bursting forth in acclamations.

The sky had been overcast all day. All at once, at this very moment — it was eight o'clock at night — the clouds in the horizon broke, and through the elms of the Nivelles road streamed the sinister red light of the setting sun.

Arrangements were speedily made for the final effort. Each battalion was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the Grenadiers of the Guard with their large eagle plates appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle with wings extended, and those who were conquerors thinking themselves conquered recoiled; but Wellington cried: "Up, Guards, and at them!" The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up; a shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag. All hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom, and the vast overthrow of the rout. They heard the "*Sauve qui peut!*" which had replaced "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and, with flight between them, they held on their course, battered more and more, dying faster and faster. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once, from Hougomont, La Haie Sainte, Papelottle and Planchenoit. The cry "Treachery!" was followed by "*Sauve qui peut!*" A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crashes, hurries, plunges. Ney borrows a horse, leaps upon him, and, without hat, cravat, or sword, plants himself in the Brussels road, arresting at once the English and the French. He endeavors to hold the army; he calls them back, he reproaches them, he grapples with the rout. He is swept away. The soldiers flee from him crying, "*Vive Marshal Ney!*" Durutte's two regiments come and go, frightened and tossed between the sabres of the Uhlans

and the fire of the brigades of Kempt. Rout is the worst of all conflicts; friends slay each other in their flight; squadrons and battalions are crushed and dispersed against each other, enormous foam of the battle. Napoleon gallops among the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths which in the morning were crying "*Vive l'Empereur*," are now agape. He is hardly recognized. The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, sabre, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre. They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the rye; passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; an inexpressible dismay. Ziethen sabring France at his ease. Lions become kids. Such was this flight.

A few squares of the Guard, immovable in the flow of the rout as rocks in running water, held out until night. Night approaching and death also, they awaited this double shadow, and yielded unfaltering to its embrace. At every discharge the square grew less, but returned the fire. It replied to grape by bullets, narrowing in its four walls continually. Afar off the fugitives, stopping for a moment out of breath, heard in the darkness this dismal thunder decreasing.

When this legion was reduced to a handful, when their flag was reduced to a shred, when their muskets, exhausted of ammunition, were reduced to nothing but clubs, when the pile of corpses was larger than the group of the living, there spread among the conquerors a sort of sacred terror about these sublime martyrs, and the English artillery, stopping to take breath, was silent. It was a kind of respite. These combatants had about them a swarm of spectres, the outlines of men on horseback, the black profile of the cannons, the white sky seen through the wheels and gun-carriages. The

colossal death's head, which heroes always see in the smoke of the battle, was advancing upon them and glaring at them. They could hear in the gloom of the twilight the loading of the pieces. The lighted matches, like tigers' eyes in the night, made a circle about their heads. All the linstocks of the English batteries approached the guns, when, touched by their heroism, holding the death-moment suspended over these men, an English general cried to them:

"Brave Frenchmen, surrender!"

The word "Never!" fierce and desperate, came rolling back.

To this word the English general replied, "Fire!"

The batteries flamed, the hill trembled; from all those brazen throats went forth a final vomiting of grape, terrific. A vast smoke, dusky white in the light of the rising moon, rolled out, and when the smoke was dissipated, there was nothing left. That formidable remnant was annihilated — the Guard was dead! The four walls of the living redoubt had fallen. Hardly could a quivering be distinguished here and there among the corpses; and thus the French legions expired.

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## HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

GEORGE ELIOT.

SIX hundred years ago in Dante's time,
Before his cheek was furrowed by deep rhyme —
Six hundred years ago, Palermo town
Kept holiday. A deed of great renown,
A high revenge, had freed it from the yoke
Of hated Frenchmen; and from Calpe's rock
To where the Bosphorus caught the earlier sun,
'Twas told that Pedro, King of Aragon,
Was welcomed master of all Sicily,
A royal knight, supreme as kings should be.

Spain was the favorite home of knightly grace,
Where generous men rode steeds of generous race;
And in all eyes King Pedro was the king
Of cavaliers — as in a full-gemmed ring
The largest ruby, or as that bright star
Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are.
And Lisa was of no long noble line,
Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,
Who from his merchant-city hither came
To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame.

He loved his riches for his Lisa's sake,
Whom, with a father's care, he sought to make
The bride of some true, honorable man;
Of Perdicone (for so the rumor ran).
For Perdicone she cared not; her young mind
Dreamed not that any man had ever pined
For such a little simple maid as she.
She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be
To love some hero, noble, beauteous, great,
Who would live stories worthy to narrate.
And now the flower of heroes must he be
Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,
So that her maids might walk to vespers tranquilly.

She watched all day that she might see him pass
With knights and ladies; but she said, "Alas!
Though he should see me, it were all as one
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone
Of wall or balcony; some colored spot
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.
I have no music-touch that could bring nigh
My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die,
And he will never know my spirit rose
As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose."

Father and mother saw, with sad dismay,
The meaning of their riches melt away.

For without Lisa, what would sequins buy?
What wish were left if Lisa were to die?
Yet one day, as they bent above her bed,
And watched her in brief sleep, her drooping head
Turned, and her eyes she oped in utterance dumb
Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.

"What is it, Lisa?" "Father, I would see
Minuccio, the great singer; bring him me."
Minuccio then entreated, gladly came.
(He was a singer of most gentle fame —
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate
That he was famous, but that song was great —
Would sing as finely to this suffering child,
As at the court where princes on him smiled.)
"The grave were rest if, lying cold and lone,
Minuccio," she said, "I knew my love had flown,
And nestled in the bosom of the King;
See, 'tis a small, weak bird, with unfledged wing.
But you will carry it for me, secretly,
And bear it to the King; then come to me,
And tell me it is safe, and I shall go
Content, knowing that he, I love, my love doth know."

Minuccio had his summons to the court,
To make, as he was wont, the moments short,
Of ceremonious dinner to the King.
This was the time when he had meant to bring
Melodious message of young Lisa's love.
He waited till the air had ceased to move
To ringing silver, till Falernian wine
Made quickened sense with quietude combine,
And then with passionate descant made each ear incline.
The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,
And yet a rounded, perfect melody.
Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose;
Like rising light that broad and broader grows,

It filled the hall, and so possessed the air
That not one breathing soul was present there,
Though dullest, slowest, but was quivering
In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.

Meanwhile the King, revolving in his thought
That virgin passion, was more deeply wrought
To chivalrous pity; and at vesper bell,
With careless mien which hid his purpose well,
And in half-serious playfulness, he wends,
With Lisa's father and two chosen friends,
Up to the chamber where she, pillowed, sits,
Watching the open door, that now admits
A presence as much better than her dreams,
As happiness than any longing seems.
The King advanced, and, with a rev'rent kiss
Upon her hand, said: "Lady, what is this?
We pray you, for the love of us be cheered,
Nor be too reckless of that life endeared.
Excellent maiden, that rich gift of love
Your heart hath made us, hath a worth above
All royal treasures, nor is fitly met,
Save when the grateful memory of deep debt
Lies still behind the outward honors done.
And as a sign that no oblivion
Shall overflood that faithful memory,
We, while we live, your cavalier will be,
Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,
Whether for struggle dire or brief delight
Of warlike feigning, but we first will take
The colors you ordain, and, for your sake,
Charge the more bravely where your emblem is,
And ne'er claim aught from you, save one sole kiss."

And Lisa? She no longer wished for death;
But, as a poet who sweet verses saith

Within his soul, and joys in music there,
Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear
Disturbing pleasures, so was she content,
Breathing the life of grateful sentiment.
Then was betrothal made that very morn,
'Twixt Perdicone, youthful, brave, well-born,
And Lisa, whom he loved; she loving well
The lot that, from obedience, befell.
Sicilians witnessed that King Pedro kept
His royal promise. Perdicone stept
To many honors honorably won,
Living with Lisa in true union.
Throughout his life the King still took delight
To call himself fair Lisa's faithful knight;
And never wore in field or tournament
A scarf or emblem, save by Lisa sent.

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# RICHELIEU.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

- Louis XIII.
- Baradas, favorite of the King.
- Cardinal Richelieu, prime minister.
- Chevalier de Mauprat.
- Joseph, confidant to Richelieu.
- Huguet, a spy
- François, first page to Richelieu.
- Julie de Mortemar, ward to Richelieu.
- Marion de Lorme, lady in Richelieu's pay.

*A room in* de Mauprat's *house.*

[*Enter* Baradas.]

Baradas. De Mauprat's new home—too splendid for a soldier! But he 'll not have it long if Baradas succeed. I have whispered his secret to the King.

[*Enter* de Mauprat.]

Ha, Mauprat! Joy! Why, what a brow, man,
For your wedding-day!

DE MAUPRAT. Jest not!
I have received a letter from the King,
Declaring my marriage with Julie unlawful,
Because without his consent; and ordering me
Not to communicate with my wife. Mark you,
He knows of my seizure of Faviaux.

BAR. Did not Richelieu say the King knew not
Your crime?

DE MAU. He said so.

BAR. See you the snare, the vengeance
Worse than death of which you are the victim?
Richelieu has but two passions, ambition and revenge.
In you both blended. First, for ambition:
Julie is his ward, he placed her at the court,
Foresaw the rest — the King loves Julie!

DE MAU. Merciful Heaven! The King!

BAR. He looked abroad, found you his foe;
Thus served ambition by the grandeur of his ward,
And vengeance by dishonor to his foe!

DE MAU. The King's orders have forced me to act so strangely,
That Julie thinks I love her not.
Richelieu must have told my secret to the King.
I see it all! Mock pardon! Hurried nuptials!
Oh, it stings home! Ghastly Vengeance,
To thee, and thine august and solemn sister,
The unrelenting Death, I dedicate the blood
Of Armand Richelieu! When dishonor reaches
Our hearths, law dies, and murder takes
The angel shape of Justice! [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter* RICHELIEU *and* JOSEPH.]

RICHELIEU. So, Joseph, the conspirators are to seize me
In my palace. Bah! in policy we foil

Gigantic dangers not by giants, but by dwarfs.
The statues of our stately fortune are sculptured
By the chisel — not the axe! Beneath the rule of men
Entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword.
[*Enter* MARION DE LORME.]
Hist! Joseph, keep guard! My faithful Marion!

MARION. Good, my lord, the conspirators meet
To-night in my poor house. The Duke of Orleans
Heads them. His Highness questioned
If I knew some brave, discreet and vigilant man,
Whose tongue could keep a secret, and who had for service
Those twin qualities — love of gold, and hate for Richelieu.
I answered yes, my brother. He then told me
To have him ready to start to-night for Bouillon's camp,
In Italy.

RICH. Now there is danger! If he tamper with the Spaniard,
And Louis list not to my counsel, France is lost!
Who is the brother you propose? Any one I choose?
How will François do? I will call him.
[*Enter* FRANÇOIS.] François, follow this lady.
Take my fleetest steed. A packet will be given you.
Guard it as your honor from the hour you grasp it,
Think your guardian star rains fortune on you.

FRANÇOIS. If I fail?

RICH. Fail — fail! In the lexicon of youth,
Which fate reserves for a bright manhood,
There is no such word as fail! [*Exit* FRANÇOIS.]
I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools, and they,
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood — but I have had no foes
Save those the State had. If my wrath was deadly,

'Tis that I felt my country in my veins.
And yet I am not happy — blanched and seared
Before my time, breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
Bearding kings and braved by lackeys,
Murder at my bed — and this is power! [*Enter* FRANÇOIS *hastily.*]
What, François! back so soon? Quick — the dispatch!
Boy, the packet!

FRAN. Kill me, my lord! The Count de Baradas
Gave the packet. But as I hastened from the house,
Marion stopped me. She bade me lose no moment,
Ere Richelieu have the packet. Tell him, too,
Murder is in the winds of night, and Orleans
Swears ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay!
Then she disappeared, but a hand of iron grasped me,
Ere I could draw — the prize was wrested from me,
And a hoarse voice gasped, "Spy, I spare thee,
For this steel is virgin to thy lord!"
With that he vanished. I implore thee to acquit
My faith, but not, like him, to spare my life!

RICH. Who spake of life?
I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine honor;
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!
Begone! Redeem thine honor — back to Marion,
Or Baradas, or Orleans — track the robber,
Regain the packet! Or, crawl on to age —
Age and gray hairs like mine — and know
That thou hast lost that which had made thee great,
And saved thy country. See me not
Till thou'st bought the right to seek me!
Away! Nay, cheer thee! Thou hast not failed yet.
There's no such word as *fail!*

FRAN. Bless you, my lord, for that one smile!
I'll wear it on my heart to light me back
To triumph. [*Exit.*]

RICH. The poor youth! An elder had asked for life!
I hear a carriage; steps nearer and nearer.
If Huguet should turn traitor! [*Enter* JULIE.] Julie?
At this hour? In tears?

JULIE. That man! Why did I love him? Listen!
Late on the marriage day — even then no more a lover,—
He left me coldly. Then his friend Baradas told me
That Adrian — that my husband — knew the King loved me,
And deemed it honor! Then I saw the impostor
Where I had loved the god!

RICH. I think thou wrong'st thy husband!

JULIE. Did you say wronged? Prove it, my father, and life
Shall glow one prayer for thy reward
And his forgiveness.

RICH. Go to thy apartments, child; you need rest. [*Exit* JULIE.]
How heavy is the air! The vestal lamp
Of the pale moon, weary with vigil, dies
In the still temple of the silent night!
The very darkness lends itself to fear, to treason —

[*Enter* DE MAUPRAT.]

DE MAU. And to death!

RICH. What art thou, wretch? Ho! my guards!

DE MAU. Ay, thy spirits forsake thee, wizard.
Thy bold men of arms are my confederates.
Stir but one step, and know the next — thy grave!

RICH. Thou liest, knave! I am old, infirm, most feeble,
But Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand of man.
Have I ever wronged you?

DE MAU Thine acts are the accusers, Cardinal.
In his hot youth, a soldier, urged to crime
Against the State, placed in your hands his life;
You did not strike the blow, tho' o'er his head
Hovered the axe. One day you summoned him,
Mocked him with smooth pardon, showered wealth upon him!

Bade an angel face turn earth to Paradise —
Was this mercy? Cardinal, no!
You saved him from death for shame;
You gave him his bride to snatch her from him
By a worse ill than death! Expect no mercy!
Behold De Mauprat! [*Raising his visor.*]

RICH. To thy knees, and crawl for pardon!
Or I tell thee thou shalt live for such remorse,
That, did I hate thee, I would bid thee strike
That I might be avenged! It was to save Julie
From the King that, in my valor, I forgave thy crime;
And when you left her unprotected, she found
A refuge here in the shelter which thine arms withheld.
Julie! Lo, my witness! [*Enter* JULIE.]

DE MAU. What marvel this! My Julie? Thou!

JULIE. Henceforth, all bond between us twain
Is broken. Were it not for this old man,
I might have lost the right — now mine —
To scorn thee! He did excuse thee in spite of all
That wears the face of truth. Thy friend —
Thy confidant — Baradas has revealed thy baseness!

DE MAU. Baradas! Where is thy thunder, Heaven? Duped!
Snared! undone! Thou couldst not believe him!
Thou lovest me still?

JULIE. Joy! Is it all false? Thou lovest me!
And they wronged thee!

RICH. Why, the very mole's less blind than thou!
Mauprat, Baradas loves thy wife; hoped to win her
Even now, by your death. Ho, these schemes are glass!
The very sun shines through them!

DE MAU. Ah, my lord! Can you forgive me?

RICH. Ay, and save you!

DE MAU. Save! Ah, save yourself! The very halls
Swarm with assassins.

RICH. How many of my troops league with you?

DE MAU. All!

RICH. And Huguet?

DE MAU. Is our captain!

RICH. This comes of spies! All?
Then the lion's skin's too short to-night—
Now for the fox's! Follow me! I have it!
To my chamber — quick! Blood-hounds, I laugh at ye!
Ha! ha! we will foil them! We'll baffle them yet!

DE MAU. I must stay to put Huguet off the track!

[*Enter* HUGUET *and conspirators.*]

Long live the King! The Cardinal is dead!

[DE MAUPRAT *throwing open the recess in which is a bed on which* RICHELIEU *lies.*]

HUGUET. Are his eyes open?

DE MAU. As in life! No trace of blood reveals the crime!
Strangled in sleep! Found breathless in his bed!
So runs the tale!
Quick with the news to Orleans! To horse!
To horse! that all France may share your joy!
I will stay to crush eager suspicion.

[*Exit* HUGUET.]

Now that Huguet's gone, I'll look for Baradas.
If I could meet the traitor, face to face,
I'd dig the Judas from his heart,
Though the King should o'er him cast the purple!

[*Enter* FRANÇOIS.]

FRAN. Mauprat, hold! Where is the ——?

DE MAU. Well, what wouldst thou?

FRAN. The despatch! The packet Look on me!
I serve the Cardinal! Did you not keep guard
By Marion's house last night?

DE MAU. I did! I have it not! What does it matter?
They told me he was here! Baradas!
The traitor! Ah! now, villain, I have thee!

FRAN. The King is coming! [*Enter* LOUIS.]

LOUIS. Swords drawn before our very palace?
Have our laws died with Richelieu? [*Enter* BARADAS.]

BAR. Pardon, sire! My crime, but self-defence it was, de Mauprat!

LOUIS. Dare he thus brave us? Seize him!
Disarm! To the Bastile! [*Enter* RICHELIEU.]
What, Cardinal? A mock death!
This tops the infinite of insult!

BAR. Fact in philosophy! Foxes have got nine lives
As well as cats! Be firm, my liege!

LOUIS. I have assumed the sceptre!
I shall wield it!

RICH. What! Mauprat sent to the Bastile,
On the stale pretext of Faviaux? What, sire!
You know not yet that this brave heart stood
Between foul treason and base murder?
Sire, for your old servant's sake undo this wrong.
See! Let me rend the sentence!

LOUIS. At your peril! Soldiers, discharge your duty!

FRAN. Mauprat! The despatch! Your fate,
Foes, life, hang on a word — to whom?

DE MAU. To Huguet!

FRAN. Hush! Silence! Hope! Work, brain!
Beat, heart! There's no such word as fail!

RICH. Room, my lords! Room!
The minister of France can need no intercession
With the King!

LOUIS. What means this false report of death,
Lord Cardinal?

RICH. Are you, then, angered, sire, that I still live?

LOUIS. No! But such artifice—

RICH. Not mine. Look elsewhere.
Louis, my castle swarmed with the assassins.

BAR. We have punished them already!
Huguet even now is in the Bastile!
Oh, my lord! we were prompt to avenge you!
We were—

RICH. We? Ha! ha! ha! You hear, my liege!
What page, man, in the last court grammar,
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized
The hireling; sire, shall I name the master?

LOUIS. Tush, my lord! The old contrivance!
Ever does your wit invent assassins,
That ambition may slay rivals.

RICH. Rivals, sire! In what? Service to France?
I have none! Lives there the man whom Europe,
Paled before your glory, deems rival
To Armand Richelieu?

LOUIS. What? So haughty? Remember,
He who made can unmake!

RICH. Never! Your anger can recall my trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
And rifle my coffers. But my name!
My deeds are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!
Pass sentence on me, if you will!
From kings, lo! I appeal to time!

LOUIS. Enough! Your eminence must excuse
A longer audience; for our conference this,
Nor place—nor season.

RICH. Good, my liege! For justice, all places a temple,
And all seasons summer. Do you deny me justice?
While in these hands dwelt empire,
The humblest creature, the obscurest vassal,

The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Though loathed by charity, might ask for justice!
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
Of some I see around you, counts and lords,
Kneeling for favors; but erect and loud,
As men who ask men's rights! My liege! My Louis,
Do you refuse me audience even,
In the pale presence of the baffled murderer?

LOUIS. Lord Cardinal, one by one you have severed from me
The bonds of human love — all near and dear
Marked out for vengeance, exile or the scaffold.
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
My closest kindred; you would tear them from me;
They murder *you*, forsooth, since *me* they love,
Enough of plots and treasons for one reign!
Home! home! and sleep away these phantoms!

RICH. Sire, I — patience, Heaven! — Sire, from the foot
Of that great throne these hands have raised aloft,
Spurn you the gray-haired man who gave you
Empire, and now sues for safety?

LOUIS. No! When we see your eminence, in truth,
At the *foot* of the throne, we'll listen to you.

RICH. Louis, I resign. My Lord de Baradas,
I pray your pardon, you are to be my successor.
Your hand! It trembles — see, it trembles!
The hand that holds the destinies of nations
Should shake less! Poor Baradas! Poor France!

[*Exeunt* LOUIS *and* BARADAS. *Enter* JULIE.]

JULIE. Heaven, I thank thee! It cannot be,
Or this all-powerful man would not stand
Idly thus.

RICH. Julie! What dost thou here? Home!

JULIE. Home! is Adrian there?
Seized—and in your prison, too? Think!

He saved your life! Your name is infamy
If wrong come to him!

RICH. Be soothed, child.

JULIE. Child no more! I am a woman!
Let thine eyes meet mine! Answer but one word,
Where is my husband?

RICH. You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride. They who insist on truth
Must outface fear. You ask me for your husband.
There, where the clouds of Heaven look darkest,
O'er the domes of the Bastile!

JULIE. O mercy! mercy!
Save him, father! Restore him!
Art thou not the Cardinal-King —
Beneath whose light the solemn tides of empire
Ebb and flow? Art thou not Richelieu?

RICH. Yesterday I was!
To-day a very weak old man! To-morrow,
I know not what! [*Enter* BARADAS.]

BAR. The King has sent for Julie!
Pray you, Madame, obey the King —
No cause for fear.

RICH. She shall not stir. Mark where she stands. Around her form
I draw the awful circle of our solemn church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head — yea, though it wore a crown —
I launch the curse of Rome!

BAR. I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my King.
But blame me not if it should cost you power!

RICH. That *my* stake!
Dark gamester! what is thine? Lose not a trick.
By this time to-morrow thou shalt have France,

Or I thy head! Ha! ha! how pale he grows!
Heaven save my country! [*Exit* RICHELIEU.]

[*Enter* LOUIS.]

LOUIS. Baradas, we make you minister of France.

BAR. May I deserve your trust. [*Aside.*] Until
You sign your abdication. My liege,
I have threatened Julie by showing her
Her husband's death-warrant.

LOUIS. Enough of this! Let us attend
To affairs of State. [*Aside.*] I half repent!
No successor to Richelieu! Around me thrones totter.
The soil *he* guards alone escapes the earthquake.

[*Enter* SECRETARY.]

SECRETARY. The secret correspondence, sire, most urgent —
Accounts of spies — deserters — assassins —
Schemes against yourself!

LOUIS. Myself? [*Looking over documents.*]

[*Enter* FRANÇOIS.]

RICH. Thou art bleeding!

FRAN. O my lord! A scratch —
I have not failed. [*Gives the packet.*]

RICH. Here, Louis, read for yourself!

LOUIS. Orleans and Baradas leagued
With our foes — saints of Heaven!
These are the men that I have trusted!
Ho, there! The Cardinal has fainted! Richelieu!
'Tis I resign! Reign thou — if not for me,
For France!

RICH. For France, I'll live and conquer!
Ho, there! Baradas, thou hast lost thy stake.
Away with him! [*Snatching* DE MAUPRAT'S *death-warrant.*]
See here, de Mauprat's death-writ, Julie,
Embrace your husband! The King will pardon.

[*To François.*] Never say *fail* again, brave boy!
See, my liege — thro' plots and counterplots —
[*Seeing* DE MAUPRAT *and* JULIE *conversing apart.*]
Thro' gain and loss, thro' glory and disgrace,
Still the holy stream of human happiness
Glides on!

LOUIS. And must we thank for *that* also,
Our prime minister?

RICH. No — let us own it: There is one above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
Even better than prime ministers!

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# ENOCH ARDEN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs; and then a mouldered church;
Higher, a long street climbs to a tall-towered mill.
Here on this beach, a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses — Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck — played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore.
But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixed his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him.
But she loved Enoch, though she knew it not,

And would, if asked, deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie; and so prospered that at last
A luckier fisherman there did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and all men looked upon him
With favor. Ere he touched his one and twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half way up
The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.
Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people, making holiday,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand in hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire;
And in their faces Philip read his doom.

So these were wed; and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years — seven happy years.
Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Opened a larger haven. And, still more,
Another hand crept too across his trade.
And while he prayed, the master of the ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, reporting his vessel China bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain — would he go?

And Enoch all at once assented to it,
And moving homeward came on Annie pale.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid her feeble infant in his arms,
Whom Enoch took and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie till the morrow, when he spoke.
Then for the first she fought against his will.
But Enoch faced the morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him,
Yet prayed he for blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him. And then he said:
"Annie, this voyage, by the grace of God,
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."
He cast strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;
And from the babe, the sickly one, who slept,
She clipped a tiny curl, and this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand and went his way.

Now the third child, howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering, ere she was aware,
Like a caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little, innocent soul flitted away.
In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace,
Smote him for having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort." Therefore went.
But Annie, fresh from burial of her child,
Cared not to look on any human face.
Then Philip falt'ring said: "Annie, I came
To ask a favor — to speak of what he wished,

Enoch, your husband; I have ever said
You chose the best among us — a strong man.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? Not to see the world —
But for the wherewithal to give his babes
A better bringing up than his had been.
That was his wish; and if he come again
Vexed will he be to find the precious hours
Were lost; and it would vex him in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild,
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —
Now let me put the boy and girl to school;
This is the favor that I came to ask."
Then Philip put the boy and girl to school
And bought them needful books, and every way
Made himself theirs; and though for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
And with some pretext of fineness in the meal,
Flour from his mill that whistled on the waste.

It chanced one evening that the children longed
To go with others, nutting, to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begged
For Father Philip, as they called him, too,
And when the children plucked at him to go,
He laughed and yielded readily to their wish;
But after scaling half the weary way,
All Annie's force failed. "Let me rest," she said.
So Philip rested with her well-content.
At last he said, lifting his honest forehead,
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind;
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago,
Should still be living; well, then — let me speak —

I wish you for my wife." "Can one love twice?"
Answered Annie. "Can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? What is it that you ask?"
"I am content," he answered, "to be loved
A little after Enoch." "Dear Philip, wait awhile:
If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long —
I am bound: you have my promise — in a year!"
And Philip answered: "I will bide my year."
So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
But never merrily beat Annie's heart,
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
A whisper on her ear.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sailed
The ship "Good Fortune," slipped across the world.
Less lucky her home-voyage; at first, indeed,
Through many a fair sea-circle, scarce rocking,
Till storms came, such as drove her under moonless heavens,
And hard upon the cry of "Breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn.
And one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
Of two remaining, one fell sun-stricken,
And Enoch lived alone.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head,
The seasons came and went, year after year,
His hopes to see his own had not yet perished,
When his lonely doom came sudden to an end.
Another ship blown by the baffling winds,
Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay.

And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosened, till he made them understand.
Whom, when their casks were filled they took aboard;
And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
Scarce credited at first, but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listened to it;
Then moving up the coast they landed him
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sailed before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward — home — what home? Had he a home?
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.
Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes,
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there,
(A bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me?"
Onward he went seeking a tavern which
Of old he knew — so ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it, and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house.
There Enoch rested silent many days;
But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous;
Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bowed —
She told him all the story of his house:
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost."
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated, muttering, "Cast away and lost."

But Enoch yearned to see her face again,
Until the thought haunted and harassed him,
And drove him forth the dull November eve.

Now, Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
With one small gate that opened on the waste.
And cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the hearth.
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed.
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her, tall and strong.
Now, when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.
He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Crept to the gate, and opened it and closed
Behind him, and came out upon the waste;
And falling prone upon the earth he prayed:
"Too hard to bear! O blessed Saviour, Thou

That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! Aid me; give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Never! No father's kiss for me — the girl
So like her mother; and the boy, my son!"
And as the year rolled round to meet the day
When Enoch had returned, a languor came,
Weakening the man till he could do no more.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully,
As he saw death dawning and the close of all;
For through that dawning gleamed a kindlier hope
On Enoch, thinking: "After I am gone
Then she may learn I loved her to the last."
He called aloud for Miriam Lane, and said:
"Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
Before I tell you — swear upon the Book
Not to reveal it till you see me dead."
"Dead!" clamored the good woman; "hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
Yet on the Book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch told her all. On the third night
While Enoch slumbered, motionless and pale,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved!" and so fell back and spake no more.
So passed the strong, heroic soul away;
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

# THE RACE.

LYOF TOLSTOI.

WHEN Vronsky looked at his watch, it was half-past five. On this day there were to be several races, and in the last he was to take part. When he reached his quarters no one was there except his valet. Everybody had gone to the races. He noticed near the stable Makhotin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator which they were leading out.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable; he is fixing the saddle."

Then appeared Frou-Frou. Vronsky gave a quick glance at his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb.

The two-verst dash was just at an end. The crowd flowed in from all sides. The horses were getting ready for the hurdle race. The grooms were leading back the horses, wearied by the race which they had run; and, one by one, those intended for the next course appeared on the ground. Frou-Frou came out stepping high. Vronsky had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle race were called to receive their numbers. They approached, seventeen men in all. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

The groom stood by the mare's head holding the reins in his hand. Frou-Frou shivered as though she had an attack of fever. Her master cast a final glance on his rivals; he knew he should not see them again until the race was over. Gulkum, one of the best racers, was turning around and around his bay stallion without being able to mount. A little hussar, in tight trousers, was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse in English fashion. Prince Kuzofief, white as a sheet, was trying to mount a thorough-bred mare. He was timid, still he had made up his mind to ride. They exchanged glances and Vronsky gave him an encouraging nod. One only now he failed to see — his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don't be in haste," said Cord, "and don't forget when you come to a hurdle not to pull back or spur on your horse; let her take her own way. If possible, take the lead, but don't be discouraged if, for a few moments, you are behind."

"Very good," replied Vronsky. The horse did not have time to stir before he gracefully and firmly took his seat on the saddle. Then he arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal's head. Frou-Frou stretched out her neck, and started off at an easy, elastic pace, balancing her rider on her strong, flexible back. They were approaching the river's bank, where the starting-post was placed. Vronsky, preceded by some, followed by others, suddenly heard on the track the gallop of a horse, and Gladiator with Makhotin on his back, dashed by.

The course was a great ellipse with nine obstacles upon it — the river; a high barrier; in front of the pavilion a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish banquette, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an embankment covered with twigs, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once; then three more ditches; and, finally, the goal opposite the pavilion again.

At last, the signal was given, "Go!" and the riders spurred their horses. All eyes were directed toward the races.

"There they go!" "There they come!" was shouted on all sides. And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed singly or in groups toward the places where they could get a better view. Frou-Frou, nervous at first, lost ground, and several of the horses were ahead of her; but Vronsky, trying to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon outstripped the three who had won on him, and now had as competitors only Gladiator, who was a whole length ahead, and the pretty Diana, on whose back clung the unhappy Kuzofief, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

Gladiator and Diana leaped the reká at almost one and the same moment; Frou-Frou lightly leaped behind them, as though she had wings. While in the air, Vronsky caught a glimpse of Kuzofief almost under the feet of his horse; and heard, after the race, how he had loosened his reins as Diana jumped, and the horse had

stumbled, throwing him to the ground. At this time, he only saw that Frou-Frou was going to land on Diana's head. But Frou-Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort, landed beyond the fallen rider.

"O my beauty!" exclaimed Vronsky. After this he gained full control of his horse, even held her back, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, whom he had no hope of outstripping before they reached the long stretch free of obstacles. This great hurdle was built in front of the Imperial Pavilion. The Emperor, the Court, and an immense throng were watching. Vronsky saw only his horse's ears, and the ground flying under him, and Gladiator's flanks and the white feet beating the ground in cadence, always maintaining the same distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his tail, and, without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky's eyes.

"Bravo!" cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes, his horse leaped without breaking; but he heard behind him a loud crash. Frou-Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with the shoes on her hind feet. Her gait was unchanged; and the distance had not increased or diminished between them, as Vronsky again caught a glimpse of Gladiator's crupper, his short tail and his white feet. Frou-Frou seemed to have the same thought as her master, for she increased her speed and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside track. But Makhotin did not yield the advantage. Frou-Frou changed and took the farther side of the slope. Her shoulder closed with Gladiator's flanks. For a few seconds they flew along almost side by side; but in order to take the outer side of the circle, Vronsky urged Frou-Frou on just as they passed the divide, and on the descent managed to get the lead. As he drew near, it seemed to him Makhotin smiled. Though he was behind, Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of the stallion's feet and his hurried breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were easily passed; but Gladiator's gallop came nearer. Vronsky gave Frou-

Frou the spur; the sound of Gladiator's hoof-beats grew fainter. He now had the lead and felt sure of success. A single serious obstacle remained — the Irish banquette — which, if cleared, would give him the victory. Vronsky was just lifting his whip, when it occurred to him that Frou-Frou knew what to do. The beautiful creature gave a start, rose from the ground, cleared the ditch, and far beyond, then fell again into the measure of her pace.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the throng.

The last ditch was left. Anxious to come in far ahead of the others, Vronsky began to urge his horse by falling into her motions, and leaning far over her head. He felt she was beginning to be exhausted; her neck and sides were wet, her breath was short and gasping. Still he was sure she would reach the goal. Only because he felt himself near the end, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion did he realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared — how, he did not know. She cleared it like a bird.

But Vronsky felt to his horror that instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had a wrong motion in falling back in the saddle. He knew something horrible had happened of which he could not get any clear idea. But there flashed by him a roan steed with white feet, — and Makhotin was the winner!

Frou-Frou stumbled. Vronsky had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, making vain efforts with her delicate, foam-covered neck to rise. He saw only one thing — Gladiator was far ahead and he was standing there alone before his defeated Frou-Frou, who stretched her head toward him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. He pulled on the reins; the poor animal struggled and tried to get on her legs, but fell back all of a tremble. Vronsky, pale with rage, kicked her to force her to rise. She did not move, but gazed at her master with speaking looks.

"A-h! what have I done?" cried he, taking her head in his hands. "What have I done?"

By the movement he had made in the saddle he had broken her back!

# PONTIUS PILATE.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

[Claudia, Pilate's wife, tells him of her dreams or visions concerning Jesus, and the portents that followed His crucifixion.]

"DIDST thou hear,
The talk ran that he had not died at all,
Or, dying, glided back to life again;
Was seen; ate, drank, walked, talked—man among men—
And, lastly, 'scaped from sight? Those whom He left,
A band of honest ones, give stoutly forth
He was caught up in the clouds, snatched to the blue,
And, day by day, my slave-girls say, this grows,
Making a sect which hath no dread of death;
But will spend life and breath and gold and pains
To succor any wretch, because they hold
This 'Christ' did die for him—grows, good my lord,
Not only here, but in the coasts and isles,
And toucheth Athens and hath crept to Rome."

"There, too?" broke Pontius, "must I find at Rome—
Despite the stony tomb, the guards we set,
That face which fills each night with dreams for me?
Sits with me in my tent, my judgment hall,
My banquet-room, my bed-place? Watches me
With those great eyes which do not hate or blast,
But send a keen light to my inmost self
Where I read: 'This is Pontius, Fortune's slave.'
For Cæsar's fear, sooth, why should I have played
Butcher to Caiaphus? Note, Claudia,
Know any of ye here of any wight
Who loved the Nazarene, and followed Him,
And cleaves, distraught, to such wild fancy yet,
That cross and spear and gravestone did not end?"

"Great sir!" a Syrian handmaid gave reply,
"This is the house is called 'Megaddela's,'

Named as some will from Magdal, where we lie,
And others from the braided locks she wore
Who lives house mistress here. They told us in the town,
This dame much honored now for noble works
Was devil-haunted before the Nazarene
Tamed her and taught her; and she grew His friend,
Closest amid the faithful. Is't thy will
We bid her to this presence?"
Pontius said:
"I might command, for still I bear my seal;
Authority sits yet upon my lips.
But here and now I soften. Say to her
The Procurator, guest and friend, entreats
Speech with this Lady Miriam."
Thus met
She who most loved Him, he who rendered Him
To death — Pontius and Mary.
For now most meek
The proud, pale, bended face, the folded palms,
The knees touching the pavement, as she said:
"The Roman Lord, who may command, hath prayed
Speech with his servant. She must needs obey.
Hostess and subject, I am Miriam."
"Wottest thou who I am?" asked Pontius.
The flame of those old fires a little leaped;
The fair hill shook again with by-gone storms
One moment, while she murmured: "Time hath been
When, with a curse, or by my girdle knife
The answer of thy handmaid had been given.
Now I have the grace to say, I hate thee not,
But pray His peace for thee. Did He not pray,
'Father, forgive them?' Yea, I know thee well,
'Twas thou didst send my Master to the cross!"

"Hast thou forgiven, who didst love Him so,
That which my well-worn soul, careless of blood,

Pardons not to itself?" quoth Pontius.
And Mary said: "I could not love Him so,
Nor rightly worship, nor live to-day —
As always I must live — on the dear food
Of His true lips, nor trust to go to Him
The way He went, if I forgot His word —
'Love ye your enemies.' Remembering that
I bear to look on thee, Roman lord,
Remembering what we heard Him say at last:
'Forgive them, for they know not what they do!'"

"Nay, but I knew!" quoth Pontius. "Whereunto
Prayed thus thy Rabbi? What new god had He?
What god hast thou greater than Jove — to nod,
And so undo past deeds which have been done
And as thou sayest — forgive?"
"That which befalls,"
She gave reply, "befalls not otherwise
Than as it hath been willed. He made us know
There cometh to the ground no little fowl,
No sparrow of the house-top, but was cared for.
And the flowers and lowly grass —
Which are to-morrow for the wayside fire —
Have raiment fore-provided them to wear,
Brighter than Solomon's. If not one life
Goes anywhere to death, save for good use,
And by the over-arching Power allowed,
Under the vast law of love, He, most of all,
Died for love's sake, and was ordained to die,
Whom thou didst doom. Yet thou thyself wert doomed
To do love that sad service, slaying Him
Who could not die, but freeth all from death.
We hate thee not, but pity thee, and pray for thee."

"Yea," Pontius mused, "He spake to me of power
Lent from above, and not from Jove or Rome!

What hindered that I should not use it then
To have thy peace this night, to taste full greatness
Not groan with littleness of majesty?"

She answered: "That which hindered was thyself
More feared of Cæsar than of wrongfulness;
And that which hindered was thy desire to win
Favor of men instead of praise from Heaven,
Whose still voice whispered to thy vexed will in vain.
He spake to us, 'Lay up no treasures
Where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves do steal,
But lay it up in Heaven.'"
Pilate broke in: "I would give much sesterces
To buy that ill-time back, albeit, before,
Death never spoiled my slumbers! What saidst thou
That, slaying Him, we could not kill? Thy brow
Weareth no band of madness, yet thy speech
Sounds rank unreason."
"Have I leave," she asked,
"For my great Master's sake more to speak?"
"I pray thee very humbly," Pontius said,
"To speak as thou shalt deign."
Thereat she rose
Stateliest, and light of living love and truth
Made fairer her fair face, kindled her eyes
To lovelier lustre, while she told the things
Which had befallen after Calvary;
How, surely, with the sad days ending there,
New days were dawned and hope unknown to earth;
How He walked here, the shadow of Him love,
The speech of Him soft music; and His step
A benediction; making sick folks whole,
The lame to walk, the lepers to go clean,
And taking back the dead from death, by might
Of some deep secret which He had from Heaven;
Until — at that hard triumph of the cross,

In hour and way, and by the appointed hands —
He Himself passed, mild and majestical,
Through death's black gate, whose inner side none saw
Before He set it wide, golden and glad,
In the unfolded flower cup. "Which blest buds,"
Spake she, "shall blossom ever more and more
For all flesh living, till the full fruit rounds,
And there be 'Peace on earth and good will!'"
But many drew into the marble court,
Silently, one by one, hearing those words
Fearless and sure, spoken high to Pontius,
Found each echo in the air. But Pilate leaped
Fierce from his place, with visage writhed and white.
"Call them to horse!" he cried, "for I will ride
To Sepphoris, before the sun is high,
If spurs can prick! One other watch spent here
Will brand me Nazarene!"

# NOTES ON AUTHORS.

**Alighieri Dante (or Durante),** (1215–1321) —Born in Florence, descended from an ancient family, but not one of the highest rank. He was born under the sign of the twins, considered by astrologers as favorable to literature and science. We know little of Dante's boyhood except that he was a hard student. Boccaccio tells us that he became very familiar with Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Statius and all other famous poets; and that, "taken by the sweetness of knowing the truth of the things concealed in Heaven, and finding no other pleasure dearer to him in life, he left all worldly care and devoted himself to this alone." Dante first met Beatrice Portinari at her father's house on May-day, 1274. In his own words, "Already nine times after my birth the heaven of light had returned as it were to the same point, when there appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my mind, who was by many called Beatrice who knew not what to call her." He saw Beatrice only once or twice, but his worship was stronger for the remoteness of its object.

**Aristophanes.**—His birth-year is uncertain. He is known to have been about the same age as Eupolis, and is said to have been "almost a boy" when his first comedy was brought out, 427 B. C. The most probable conjecture places his birth about 448 B. C. His father was a land-owner in Ægina. Aristophanes was an Athenian citizen of the tribe Pandionis. His three sons were all comic poets. In "The Birds," Peisthetærus, an enterprising Athenian, and his friend, Euelpides, persuade the birds to build a city, "Cloud-Cuckoo-borough," in mid-air, so as to cut off the gods from men. The plan succeeds; the gods send envoys to treat with the birds; Peisthetærus marries Basilea, daughter of Zeus. Some have found in "The Birds" a complete historical allegory of the Sicilian expedition; others, a general satire on the prevalence, at Athens, of head-strong caprice over law and order; others, merely an aspiration toward a new and purified Athens — a dream to which the poet had turned from his hope of a revival of the Athens of the past.

**Arnold, Edwin.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Byron, George Gordon Noel** (1788–1824).—"The portrait of the most remarkable figure in the literature of this century is still too often made up on the principle of putting in all the shadows and leaving out all the lights," writes the commentator in "Encyclopœdia Britannica." Not only the facts of Byron's own life, but even the records and traditions of his ancestry, are partially selected in this way. The poet's grandfather, Admiral Byron, who had as little rest on sea as the poet on land, had the virtues without the vices of the race. Farther down the family tree, the Byrons are found distinguishing themselves in the field. Seven brothers fought in the battle of Edgehill. None of the family would seem to have been stirred by the poetic impulse in the brightest period of English song; but under Charles II. there was a Lord Byron who patronized literature, and wrote verses. The poverty into which Byron was born, and from which his accession to high rank did not free him, had much to do in determining his career. That he would have written verses in whatever circumstances he had been born, we may safely believe; but if he had been born in affluence we may be certain that, with his impressionable

disposition, he would never have been the poet of the Revolution — the most powerful exponent of the modern spirit. Sooner or later, as new phases of thought and sentiment supervene upon the old, his writings must pass out of the catalogue of popular literature, but his personality will always fascinate.

**Cervantes-Saavedra, Miguel de** (1547–1616).—"Cervantes and Shakespeare died in the same year, and, according to the records, on the same day, April 23. By the reformed calendar of Gregory XIII., however, Cervantes died ten days before Shakespeare. It has been suggested that according to a Spanish custom, Miguel (Michael) may have been so called because born on St Michael's Day, Sept. 29. The first translator of 'Don Quixote' into English was Thomas Shelton, whose translation of the first part appeared in 1612, three years before Cervantes had produced the second. It has also been translated into Latin, Italian, German, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, and Portuguese. Cervantes, in this book, pleads, with the good humor of Shakespeare, through wit and fancy for the dominion of good sense." —*Henry Morley, LL. D.*

**Chaucer, Geoffrey** (1340–1400).—There are few authors whose lives and works have occasioned more zealous search by antiquarians than has the life of Chaucer. It is to Mr. Furnivall that we are indebted for finally settling the parentage of Chaucer. How he was educated, whether, like "Philogenet," the name which he assumes in the "Court of Love," he was of "Cambridge clerk," and how he was introduced to the notice of the court, is left to conjecture. At what periods of life Chaucer wrote we have no means of ascertaining. There are no manuscripts of any of his works that can be referred to his own time; the earliest of them in existence are not supposed to have been written till several years after his death. The only one of his works of which the date is fixed is the "Book of the Duchess;" if, as is taken for granted, this was written to commemorate the death of the wife of his patron, John of Gaunt, its date is 1369. "The Canterbury Tales" are really, in their underlying design, an exposition of chivalric sentiment, thrown into contrast by its opposite. The spirit of chivalry is the vital air of all Chaucer's creations. All of his works are steeped in the nectar of the court; the perfume of chivalrous sentiment breathes from them all.

**Cowper, William** (1731–1800).—This best of English letter-writers and the most distinguished poet of his day, was born November 26, at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire. His father, who held the living of the parish, was chaplain to George II. His mother died in 1737, leaving two sons. William, who retained the most affectionate remembrance of his mother, embalmed her memory in one of the most affecting tributes that ever came from the heart of a son. At the age of six Cowper was placed at Dr. Pitman's school, Bedfordshire. His health was delicate, and he was, in consequence, exposed to the laughter and ridicule of his companions. Of a highly sensitive organism, these buffetings were keenly felt. Cowper brought nature to poetry, and his influence has been extensive and lasting. He is, to a certain extent, the prototype of Wordsworth. Indeed, many passages from "The Excursion" read like extracts from "The Task." It is curious to observe in Cowper's verse that subjectivity which is supposed to be characteristic of more recent times. His ailings, his walks, his musings, his tamed hares, his friends, his indignation at slavery, his peculiar views of religion, are the things he delights to portray. "The Task" is a poem entirely about himself. While engaged in

translating Homer, the sad melancholia of which he was a victim, returned, but was happily driven away by society and constant literary occupation. And no sooner was "Homer" given to the world than we find him engaged on an edition of Milton. The deepest dejection, alternating with fits of spiritual despair, hung over him to the end. He died peacefully, April 25.

**Dryden, John** (1631–1700).—Born August 9, at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, of Cumberland stock. His family had acquired estates and a baronetcy, and intermarried with landed families in that county. His great-grandfather is said to have known Erasmus, and to have been so proud of the great scholar's friendship that he named his eldest son Erasmus. This name was borne by the poet's father. The leanings and connections of the family were Puritan and anti-monarchical. Sir Erasmus Dryden went to prison rather than pay loan money to Charles I.; the poet's uncle and his father served on government commissions during the Commonwealth. Dryden's education was such as became a scion of such a family of squires and rectors. Dryden was not content with writing tragedies in rhymed verse. Taking it up with enthusiasm as the only thing which the Elizabethan dramatists had left for their successors to excel in, he propounded the propriety of rhyme in serious plays as a thesis for discussion, and made it a prominent question. A volume of miscellany, published in 1685, contained translations from Virgil, Horace, Lucretius and Theocritus; one issued in 1693, translations from Homer and Ovid. Toward the close of his career, the poet lent his gift to politics, and his fame profited by the connection.

**Eliot, George.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Fletcher, Giles** (1584–1623).—The principal work by which he is known is one of the most remarkable religious poems in the language. Its full title is "Christ's Victory and Triumph, in Heaven, in Earth, Over and After Death." It is in four cantos, divided according to the suggestion of the title. The metre is an eight-line stanza, adapted from the Spenserian by the omission of the seventh line. Giles, like his brother Phineas, was a disciple of Spenser, whom he followed with more brilliancy and vigor than any poet of his time. In his best passages he attains to a rare sublimity and a rich, voluptuous music, which charmed Milton. It was his misfortune to live in an age that considered the poems of Marini and Gongora insuperable, and he strove too often to outdo these, his patterns, in grotesque conceit. But when he is carried away by his theme, and forgets to be ingenious, he attains an extraordinary solemnity and harmony of style. His description of the "Lady of Vain Delight," in the second canto of his religious poem, has been greatly admired. Milton did not hesitate to borrow considerably from "Christ's Victory and Triumph," in his "Paradise Regained."

**Fontaine, Jean de la** (1621–1695).—One of the most popular and original of French poets, born at Château Thierry, in Champagne, probably on July 8, and died in Paris, April 13. His father was "*maître des eaux et forêts*" — a kind of deputy-ranger — of the Duchy of Château Thierry. On both sides his family was of the highest provincial middle class, but not noble; his father was also fairly wealthy. Jean, who was the eldest child, was educated at the grammar school of his native town; and at the end of his school days he had an idea of taking orders. He entered the Oratory in May, 1641, and the seminary of St. Magloire in October of the same year; but a short vacation proved

to him that he had mistaken his vocation. The literary works of La Fontaine fall no less naturally than traditionally into three divisions: the Fables, the Contes, and the Miscellaneous works. Of these, the first may be said to be known universally; the second to be known to all lovers of French literature; the third to be, with a few exceptions, practically forgotten. His "Fables" constitute his fame as a writer.

**Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von.**—For sketch see No. 8 of this series.

**Homer** (850 B. C.)—Some commentators have concluded from the controversies concerning the period of Homer's life that the dates fall between the 10th and 11th centuries B. C. Herodotus maintains that Hesiod and Homer lived not more than 400 years before his own time, consequently, not much before 850 B C. The extant lives of Homer are eight in number. The longest is written in the Ionic dialect, and bears the name of Herodotus. These biographies contain a strange medley, ranging from the simplest outgrowth of popular fancy to the frigid inventions of the age. Thus the story that Homer was the son of the Meles (the river on which Smyrna is situated) and the nymph Critheis is evidently a local legend. Another story describes the manner of his death in the island of Ios. Seeing some young fishermen on the beach with their nets, he asked them: "Fisherman sprung of Arcadia, have we aught?" To which they answered in a riddle: "What we caught we left behind; what we caught not we bear with us." Homer could not explain this, and then he remembered an oracle which had told him to beware of the young men's riddle The chief value of the Herodotean life lies in the curious short poems which they have preserved. The subject of the "Iliad," as the first line proclaims, is the anger of Achilles. In the "Odyssey," as in the "Iliad," the events related fall within a short space of time. When we realize that each of the great Homeric poems is either wholly or mainly the work of a single poet, the question still remains: Are they the work of the same poet? The cardinal qualities of Homer's style have been pointed out by Mr. Matthew Arnold: "He is eminently rapid; he is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words; he is eminently plain in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas; and, finally, he is eminently noble."

**Hugo, Victor.**—For sketch see No. 9 of this series.

**Keats, John** (1795–1821).—Born Oct. 29, he published his first volume of verse in 1817, his second in the following year, his third in 1820, and died of consumption in Rome, Feb. 23. He did not, in his earliest attempts, show signs of greatness; but the rapid ripening of his genius gave unmistakable evidence of his genius as a tragic or, at least, as a romantic dramatist. "Lamia," as a narrative poem, is characterized by force and clearness of expression. "Endymion," dealing with the most extravagant sentimentality, is yet possessed of delicacy, and shows the touch of an artist in picturesque finish and grouping. The dramatic fragment of "King Stephen" displays far more power and gives greater promise of success than does that of Shelley's "Charles I." No little injustice has been done to Keats by those who dwell only on the more salient and distinctive notes of a genius which, in fact, was very much more various and tentative, less limited and peculiar, than would be inferred from his especially characteristic work. Highest in this classifica-

tion we must rate his unequalled odes. Of these, the two nearest perfection are that to "Autumn" and that on a "Grecian Urn;" the most radiant, fervent, and musical is that to a "Nightingale." Keats, on high and recent authority, has been promoted to a place beside Shakespeare; and it was remarked by an earlier critic that as a painter of flowers his touch had almost a Shakespearian felicity.

**Lytton, Edward George Earle Bulwer.**—For sketch see No. 9 of this series.

**Marlowe, Christopher** (1565–1593).—Born at Canterbury, England, Feb. 26, and educated at King's School and Bennet College, Cambridge, where he received the degree of M. A. In 1587 his tragedy "Tamburlaine" appeared, followed in rapid succession by "Dr. Faustus," "Rich Jew of Malta," "Edward II." On this last play Shakespeare is thought to have modeled his "Richard II.," though Marlowe's play is conceded by critics to be superior to its copy. His talent lay in depicting strong passion, though his "Passionate Shepherd" is one of the most beautiful of pastoral poems. His life was wild and dissipated, and his untimely death was the result of a quarrel, in which he was stabbed through the eye to the brain, June 16. His command of language and knowledge of stage-effects would have made him a formidable rival to Shakespeare, had not death interfered.

**Milton, John.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Moliere** (1622–1673).—Jean Baptiste Poquelin who, for some undiscovered reason, chose to assume the nom de plume of Molière, was born in Paris about Jan. 15. His father was an upholsterer who, in 1631, succeeded his uncle as *valet tapissier de chambre du roi*. Molière was a great writer and a good man, although much maligned. His philosophic studies left a deep mark on him. His college education over, he studied law and was called to the bar. In 1643 he, with others, hired a tennis-court, and fitted it up as a stage for dramatic performances. The company called themselves *L'Illustre Théâtre, illustre* being then almost a slang word. The company acted with little success. Molière was arrested by the tradesman who supplied candles, and the company had to borrow money to release their leader from the Grand Châtelet. His first appearance before the King was almost a failure. "Nicomède," by the elder Corneille, was the piece. When the play was over, the unfortunate actor came forward and asked permission to act "one of the little pieces with which he had been used to regale the provinces." "Doctor Amoureux" was then performed, and "diverted as much as it surprised the audience." The King commanded the troupe to establish itself in Paris. This was the opening of his career as a successful actor and playwright. In 1673 "Malade Imaginaire" was acted for the first time; and the same day, about ten o'clock at night, after the comedy, Molière died. He had played the part of *Malade* while suffering from cold and inflammation, causing a violent coughing fit, during which he burst a blood-vessel. He is buried at St. Joseph's, parish of St. Eustache, with a gravestone raised a foot above the ground.

**Moore, Thomas.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Pope, Alexander** (1688–1744).—The most famous poet of his century. All are agreed that he was not a poet of the first rank. Pope was peculiarly

fitted by nature to take the impress of his surroundings; plastic, sensitive, eagerly covetous of approbation, affection and admiration were as necessary to his life as the air he breathed. "Pope was," says Jonson, "of a constitution tender and delicate, but is said not to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life; but the mildness of his mind ended with his childhood." His first publication, 1709, was his "Pastorals." There was a passing fashion for them at the time, and Pope may have had the impression that they offered a successful field for poetic ambition, not knowing, or forgetting, what had been done by Giles Fletcher and Milton. His next publication was the "Essay on Criticism." "In every work regard the writer's end," is one of its sensible precepts, and one that is often neglected by critics of the essay, who comment upon it as if its end had been to produce a treatise on first principles. His aim was simply to give as perfect and novel expression as he could to floating opinions about poets' aims and methods, and critics' duties. "The Rape of the Lock" appeared in 1712, and was his first poem inspired by real life, and not by books. His translation of Homer established his reputation with his contemporaries. "The Essay on Man" may be said to contain the essence of the thought of men of the world in his generation on its subject; such was the poet's skill and judgment in collecting the substance of floating opinion, that it was said to be "pieces on human life and manners." He died May 30, and was buried in the church at Twickenham. His ruling passion was what a poet of his time described as the universal passion — love of fame.

**Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von.**—For sketch see No. 7 of this series.

**Scott, Walter.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Shakespeare, William.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Southey, Robert** (1774–1843).—Born at Bristol, Aug. 12. His father was an unsuccessful draper. To his mother Southey owed his buoyant spirits, his practical sense, and his earliest friends. His mother's half-sister took him when he was three, and under her care he saw and heard a great deal of theatres and acting. In 1788 he went to Westminster to school, but did not acquit himself creditably, as was also the case in several private schools he attended. At Oxford he led his own life, lived in his own thoughts, and got little or nothing from the university. In 1794 Coleridge formulated plans for an ideal colony in the wilds. The new society, whose members were to have all things in common, was to be called "The Pantisocracy." Their life was to combine manual labor and domestic bliss; but the scheme was abandoned. Southey was not, in the highest sense of the word, a poet, although in 1813 he was made poet-laureate. But if we turn from his verse to his prose, we are in a different world. There he is master of his art, working with grace and skill. "Southey's prose is perfect," said Byron; and if we do not stretch the "perfect," or take it to mean the supreme perfection of the greatest masters of style, Byron is right. He died March 21, and is buried in Crosthwaite churchyard.

**Spenser, Edmund** (1552–1599).—Elizabethan poet, born in London. He showed his poetic faculty at an early age. Little is known of his Cambridge career, except that he was a sizar of Pembroke Hall, took his bache-

lor's degree in 1572, his master's in 1576, and left Cambridge without having obtained a fellowship. In 1579 he issued his first volume of poetry, the "Shepherd's Calendar." Amidst the distractions of public life in Ireland (having been appointed secretary to the lord-deputy of Ireland), Spenser proceeded steadily with the "Faery Queen," translating his varied experiences of men and affairs into the picturesque forms of his allegory, and expressing through them his conception of the immaculate principles that ought to regulate human conduct. From the first the literary world has been unanimous in its opinion of the "Faery Queen," except on minor points. The secret of Spenser's enduring popularity lies especially in the fact that he excels in the instinct for verbal music. Shakespeare felt and expressed this when he drew the parallel between "music and sweet poetry."

**Swift, Jonathan** (1667–1745).—Dean of St. Patrick's, the greatest satirist of his own or perhaps of any age, born in Dublin, Nov. 30. His family was of Yorkshire origin. In 1682 Swift matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he failed to distinguish himself. Before the publication of the "Tale of a Tub," he had taken a step destined to exercise an important influence on his life, by inviting two ladies to Laracor, one of the vicarages presented by his patron, Lord Berkeley. Esther Johnson, whom he has immortalized as "Stella"—a translation of Esther—came over with her chaperon—Mrs. Dingley, and was permanently domiciled in his neighborhood. The melancholy romance of Swift's attachment is one of the most tender and pathetic episodes to be found. The leading note of his character was strength without elevation. His master-passion was imperious pride. Judged by some passages of his life, he would appear a heartless egotist; yet he was capable of the sincerest friendship, and could never dispense with sympathy. An object of pity as well as of awe, he is one of the most tragic figures in literature. "To think of him," says Thackeray, "is like thinking of the ruin of a great empire." Nothing truer could be said of one who combined with genius the power to discuss with profound acumen all political topics, to satirize the deepest problems of society, and whose winning fancifulness in "Gulliver's Travels" has won the child-heart of the world. As a humorist his pen was facile, yet never failed to point the sermon he designed to preach even though clothed in the garb of the grotesque.

**Tasso, Torquato** (1544–1595).—Born at Sorrento, the son of a nobleman, he ranks, with Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, among the first four poets of Italy. His father had for many years been secretary to the Prince of Salerno, and his mother was closely connected with the most illustrious Neapolitan families. "The Aminta" and "Gerusalemme Liberata" were completed in 1573 and 1574. "The Aminta" is a pastoral drama of very simple plot, but of exquisite lyrical charm. "Gerusalemme Liberata" occupies a larger space in the history of European literature. Yet the commanding qualities of this epic poem, those that reveal Tasso's individuality, and make the work pass into the rank of classics, beloved by the people no less than by persons of culture, are akin to the lyrical graces of "Aminta." With it his best work was accomplished.

**Tennyson, Alfred.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Tolstoi, Lyof Nicholaevitch** (1828 ——).—Novelist, born Aug. 28, at Clear Streak, in the government of Toula. His mother, Princess Marie Volkou-

sky, whose portrait the novelist has sketched in the person of the Princess Marie, died when he was two years old, and soon after her death the family removed to Moscow. They had not been long there when the father, whose character and habits are partially depicted in Nicholas Rostoff, suddenly died, and the future novelist, with his sister and younger brother, returned to Clear Streak. For the first time he was brought into close connection with the peasants on the family estate, and derived those impressions of Russian country life, of which, later, he was to become the greatest interpreter. He was only 16 when he matriculated at the University of Kazan, remaining three years, when he went back to his favorite country home. In 1851 he entered the military service as a junker, and joined the brigade into which he was drafted at Staroe-Lidovskoe on the banks of the Terek. He took an active part in the campaign against Turkey and the allied forces, and was present at the storming of Sebastopol. At the conclusion of the war, Count Tolstoi retired from military service, and spent a few months at St. Petersburg, where he was brought into close relationship with literary men. Not without reason has the Caucasus been termed the cradle of the Russian Muse. Nor can it be doubted that the picturesque wildness and the legends of savage heroism produced a strong impression on young Tolstoi. Among his general works, "My Religion" has caused most controversy. With "Anna Karenina" his career as a novelist terminated. The composition of his great novel "War and Peace" was not allowed to interrupt his labors in promoting the education of the people, and several works, including a "Reading Book," were from time to time published, with the aim of providing village and country schools with suitable manuals. He is still living, and his influence is nobly exercised in moulding and directing the minds of the rising generation in Russia, in defence of the pure, the true, and the just; an influence that has borne good fruit, and from which may be expected still greater results.

**Virgil** (70—20 B. C.).—Publius Virgilius Maro, known as Virgil, born Oct. 19, is the only complete representative of the deepest sentiment and highest mood of the Roman poets and of his time. In his pastoral and didactic poems he gives voice to the whole charm of Italy; in the "Æneid" to the whole glory of Rome. His fame rests on the three works of his early and mature manhood. The pastoral poems or "Eclogues," the "Georgics," and the "Æneid," all written in that hexameter verse which he received from his immediate predecessors. He produced in the "Georgics" a new type of didactic, as in the "Æneid" he produced a new type of epic poetry. Of the latter, the dominant idea is that of universal empire. Even those who have been insensible to the representative and the human interest of "Æneid" have recognized the artistic excellence of the poem. Virgil wishes to hold up in Æneas, an ideal of pious obedience, steadfast endurance, persistent purpose — a religious ideal belonging to an era of moral enlightenment. Among the personages of the "Æneid" the only one that entitles Virgil to rank among great creators is Dido, an ideal of a true queen and a true woman. He died Sept. 21.

# WERNER'S

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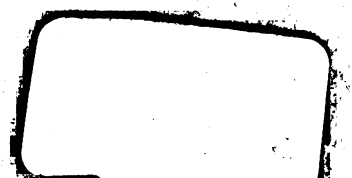
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